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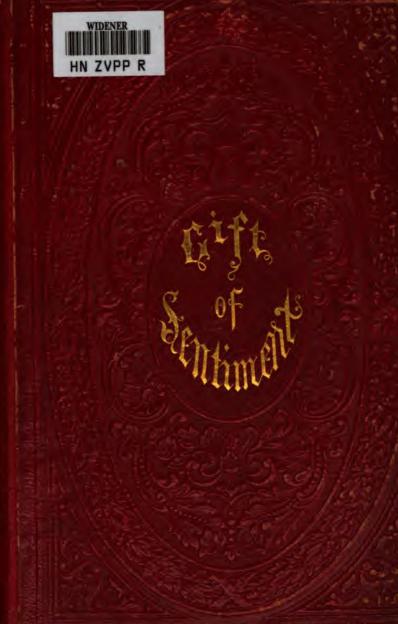
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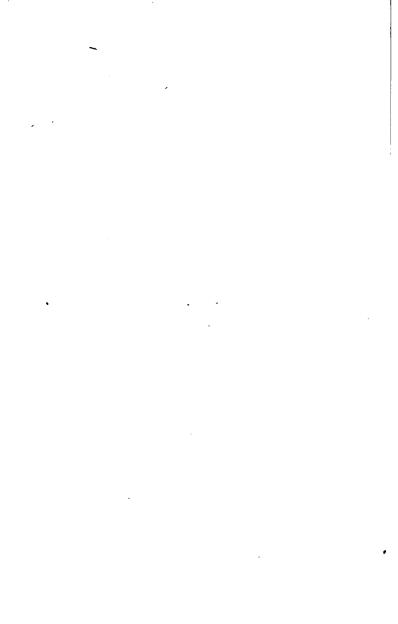
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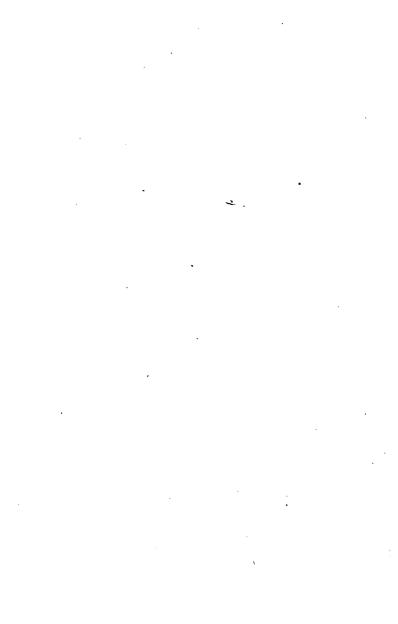
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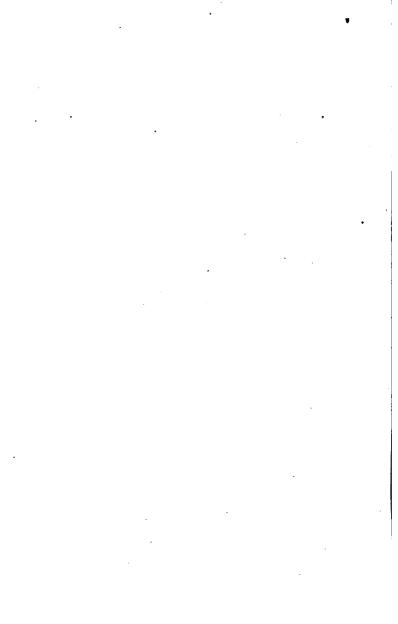
CLASS OF 1871

September 11, 1924

Miss Hannah Lyman Grow Mar Heilton.

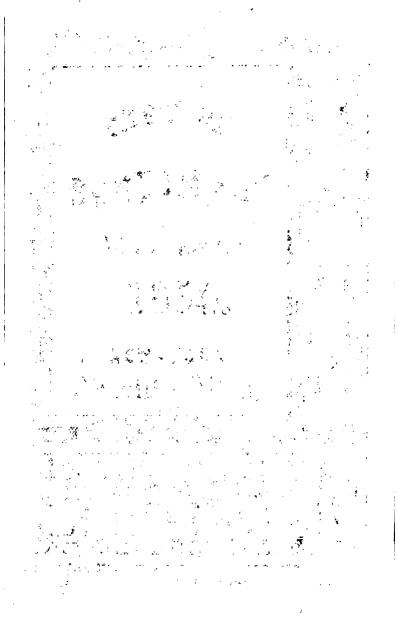


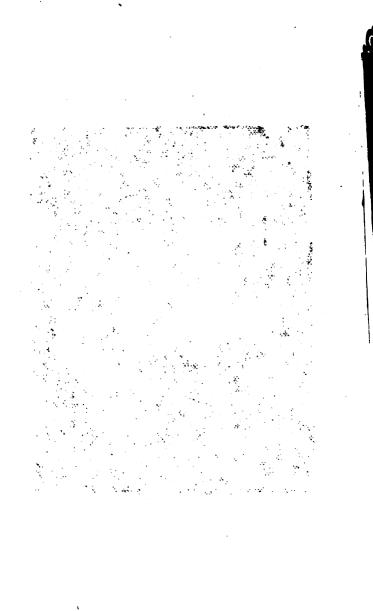


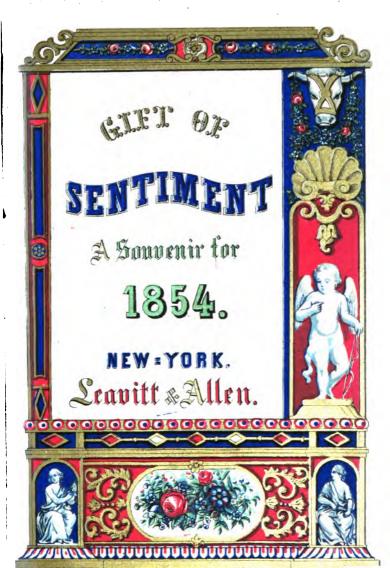


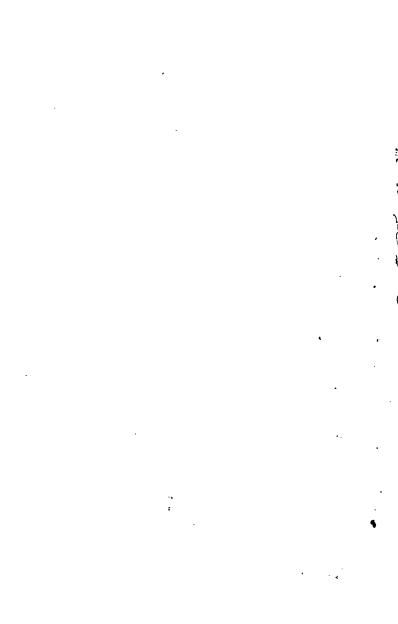


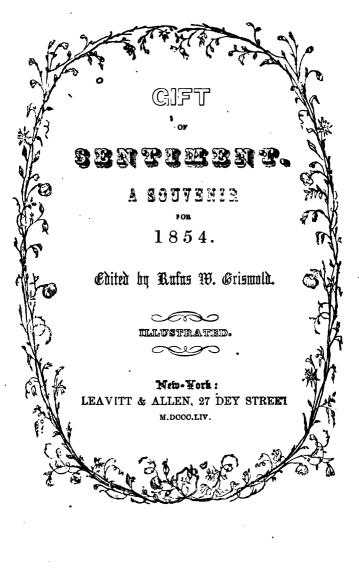










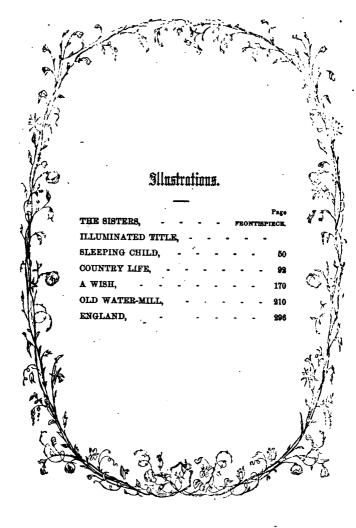


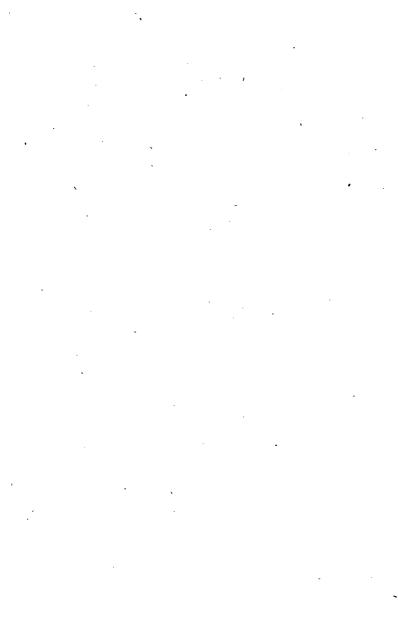
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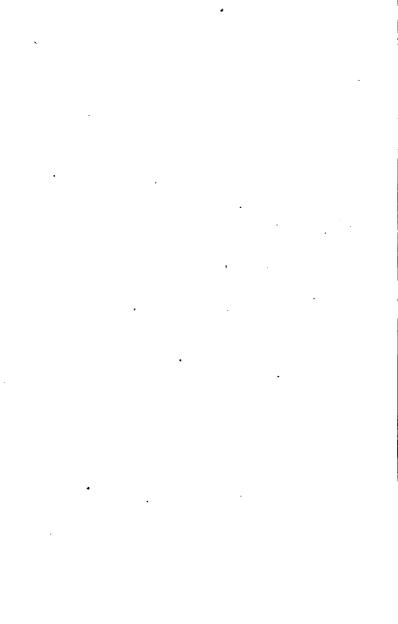
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PREFACE.

This volume is based on one with the same title published in England, in 1841, which the Editor has revised, and perhaps improved. The Sentiments have been called younger sisters of the Passions, differing from them only in intensity: but Dr. WEBSTER says they are only the thoughts prompted by feeling, perfectly distinct from feel-Whatever may be the true definition ing itself. of the word, the expressions of admiration, adoration, content, courage, friendship, gratitude, honour, liberty, mercy, patriotism, and superstition, in this volume, constitute an agreeable poetical miscellany, which may be read with as much advantage as if there had been never a diversity of opinion as to the meaning of the title under which they are now published.



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Poetry of the Sentiments.

ADMIRATION.

THE OCEAN.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

Now stretch your eye off shore, o'er waters made

To cleanse the air and bear the world's great trade, To rise, and wet the mountains near the sun, Then back into themselves in rivers run, Fulfilling mighty uses far and wide,

Through earth, in air, or here, as ocean-tide.

Ho! how the giant heaves himself, and strains And flings to break his strong and viewless chains; Foams in his wrath; and at his prison doors, Ifark! hear him! how he beats, and tugs, and

As if he would break forth again and sweep Each living thing within his lowest deep.

POETRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

Type of the Infinite! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting-place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break;
But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain
To think; then rests, and then puts forth again.

Thou hold'st me by a spell; and on thy beach I feel all soul; and thoughts unmeasured reach Far back beyond all date. And, O! how old Thouart to me. For coup!less years thou'st roll'd.

Before an ear did hear thee, thou didst mourn, Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn; Waiting, thou mighty minister of death, Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath. At last thou didst it well! The dread command Came, and thou swept'st to death the breathing land;

And then once more, unto the silent heaven Thy lone and melancholy voice was given.

And though the land is throng'd again, O sea! Strange sadness touches all that goes with thee. The small bird's plaining note, the wild, sharp call, Share thy own spirit: it is sadness all! How dark and stern upon thy waves looks down Y onder tall cliff—he with the iron crown. And see! those sable pines along the steep, Are come to join thy requiem, gloomy deep! Like stoled monks they stand and chant the dirge Over the dead, with thy low beating surge.

TO THE URSA MAJOR.

BY HENRY WARE, JR.

With what a stately and majestic step That glorious constellation of the north Treads its eternal circle! going forth Its princely way among the stars in slow And silent brightness. Mighty one, all hail! I joy to see thee on thy glowing path Walk, like some stout and girded giant; stern, Unwearied, resolute, whose toiling foot Disdains to loiter on its destined way. The other tribes forsake their midnight track. And rest their weary orbs beneath the wave; But thou dost never close thy burning eye, Nor stay thy steadfast step. But on, still on, While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds. The near horizon tempts to rest in vain. Thou, faithful sentinel, dost never quit Thy long-appointed watch; but, sleepless still, Dost guard the fix'd light of the universe, And bid the north for ever know its place. Ages have witness'd thy devoted trust, Unchanged, unchanging. When the sons of God

Unchanged, unchanging. When the sons of God Sent forth that shout of joy which rang through heaven.

neaven,
And echo'd from the outer spheres that bound

The illimitable universe, thy voice
Join'd the high chorus; from thy radiant crbs
The glad cry sounded, swelling to His praise,
Who thus had cast another sparkling gem,
Little, but beautiful, amid the crowd
Of splendours that enrich his firmament.
As thou art now, so wast thou then the same.
Ages have roll'd their course, and time grown
gray;

The earth has gather'd to her womb again,
And yet again, the myriads that were born
Of her uncounted, unremember'd tribes.
The seas have changed their beds; the eternal
hills

Have stoop'd with age; the solid continents
Have left their banks; and man's imperial works—
The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had
flung

Their haughty honours in the face of heaven, As if immortal—have been swept away: Shatter'd and monldering, buried and forgot. But time has shed no dimness on thy front, Nor touch'd the firmness of thy tread; youth, strength.

And beauty still are thine; as clear, as bright,
As when the almighty Former sent thee forth,
Beautiful offspring of his curious skill,
To watch earth's northern beacon, and proclaim
The eternal chorus of eternal Love.

I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light,

Undimm'd, unquench'd—just as I see it now— Has issued from those dazzling points through years

That go back far into eternity.

Exhaustless flood! for ever spent, renew'd

For ever! Yea, and those refulgent drops,

Which now descend upon my lifted eye,

Left their far fountain twice three years ago.

While those wing'd particles, whose speed out
strips

The flight of thought, were on their way, the earth Compass'd its tedious circuit round and round, And, in the extremes of annual change, beheld Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom. So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve! So vast the void through which their beams de-

scend!

Yes, glorious lamp of Gon! He may have quench'd

Your ancient flames, and bid eternal night
Rest on your spheres; and yet no tidings reach
This distant planet. Messengers still come
Laden with your far fire, and we may seem
To see your lights still burning; while their blaze
But hides the black wreck of extinguish'd realms,
Where anarchy and darkness long have reign'd.

Yet what is this, which to the astonish'd mind Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought Confounds? A span, a point, in those domains Which the keen eye can traverse. Seven stars Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight Embraces all at once; vet each from each Recedes as far as each of them from earth. And every star from every other burns No less remote. From the profound of heaven, Untravell'd even in thought, keen, piercing rays Dart through the void, revealing to the sense Systems and worlds unnumber'd. Take the glass And search the skies. The opening skies pour down

Upon your gaze thick showers of sparkling fire; Stars, crowded, throng'd, in regions so remote, That their swift beams—the swiftest things that

Have travell'd centuries on their flight to earth. Earth, sun, and nearer constellations! what Are ye amid this infinite extent

And multitude of Gop's most infinite works!

And these are suns! vast central, living fires,
Lords of dependent systems, kings of worlds

That wait as satellites upon their power,
And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul,
And meditate the wonder! Countless suns

Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless

worlds!

Worlds in whose bosoms living things rejoice, And drink the bliss of being from the fount Of all-pervading Love. What mind can know, What tongue can utter all their multitudes! Thus numberless in numberless abodes!

ADMIRATION.

Known but to thee, blessed Father! Thine they are,

Thy children, and thy care; and none o'erlook'd Of thee! No, not the humblest soul that dwells Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its course

Amid the giant glories of the sky,
Like the mean mote that dances in the beam
Amongst the mirror'd lamps, which fling
Their wasteful splendour from the palace wall,
None; none escape the kindness of thy care;
All compass'd underneath thy spacious wing,
Each fed and guided by thy powerful hand.

Tell me, ye splendid orbs! as from your throne

Ye mark the rolling provinces that own Your sway, what beings fill those bright abodes? How form'd, how gifted? what their powers, their state,

Their happiness, their wisdom? Do they bear
The stamp of human nature? Or has Gop
Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
And more celestial minds? Does Innocence
Still wear her native and untainted bloom?
Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad,
And sow'd corruption in those fairy bowers?
Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fire?
And Slavery forged his chains; and Wrath, and

And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust B Leagued their base bands to tread out light and truth.

And scatter we where Heaven had planted joy? Or are they yet all paradise, unfallen And uncorrupt? existence one long joy. Without disease upon the frame, or sin Upon the heart, or weariness of life; Hope never quench'd, and age unknown, And death unfear'd; while fresh and fadeless

vouth Glows in the light from Gon's near throne of

Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair! Speak, speak! the mysteries of those living worlds Unfold! No language? Everlasting light And everlasting silence? Yet the eye May read and understand. The hand of Gon Has written legibly what man may know, THE GLORY OF THE MAKER. There it shines. Ineffable, unchangeable: and man, Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe. May know and ask no more. In other days, When death shall give the encumber'd spirit wings,

Its range shall be extended; it shall roam, Perchance, among those vast, mysterious spheres, Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each. Familiar with its children: learn their laws. And share their state, and study and adore

The infinite varieties of bliss

love ?

ADMIRATION.

And beauty, by the hand of Power divine Lavish'd on all its works. Eternity Shall thus roll on with ever fresh delight; No pause of pleasure or improvement; world On world still opening to the instructed mind An unexhausted universe, and time But adding to its glories. While the soul Advancing ever to the Source of light And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss.

THE SHIP.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Wiff graceful waist and carvings brave,
The trim hull waits the sea—
And she proudly stoops to the crested wave,
While round go the cheerings three.
Her prow swells up from the yeasty deep,
Where it plunged in foam and spray:
And the glad waves, gathering round her, sweep
And buoy her in their play.

Thou wert nobly rear'd, O heart of oak!
In the sound of the ocean roar,
Where the surging wave o'er the rough rock
broke,

And bellow'd along the shore-

And how wilt thou in the storm rejoice,
With the wind through spar and shroud,
To hear a sound like the forest voice,
When the blast was raging loud!

With snow-white sail, and streamer gay,
She sits like an ocean-sprite,
Careering on in her trackless way,
In sunshine or dark midnight:
Her course is laid with fearless skill,
For brave hearts man the helm;
And the joyous winds her canvass fill—
Shall the wave the stout ship whelm?

On, on she goes, where the icebergs roll,
Like floating cities by;
Where meteors flash by the northern pole,
And the merry dancers fly;
Where the glittering light is backward flung
From icy tower and dome,
And the frozen shrouds are gayly hung
With gems from the ocean foam.

On the Indian sea was her shadow cast,
As it lay, like molten gold,
And her pendant, shroud, and towering mast,
Seem'd twice on the waters told.
The idle canvass slowly swung
As the spicy breeze went by,
And strange, rare music round her rung
From the palm-tree growing nigh.



ADMIRATION.

O, gallant ship, thou didst bear with thee
The gay and the breaking heart,
And weeping eyes look'd out to see
Thy white-spread sails depart.
And when the rattling casement told
Of many a perill'd ship,
The anxious wife her babes would fold,
And pray with trembling lip.

The petrel wheel'd in its stormy flight;
The wind piped shrill and high;
On the topmast sat a pale blue light,
That flicker'd not to the eye:
The black cloud came, like a banner, down,
And down came the shricking blast;
The quivering ship on her beams is thrown,
And gone are helm and mast.

Helmless, but on before the gale,
She ploughs the deep-trough'd wave:
A gurgling sound—a frenzied wail—
And the ship hath found a grave.
And thus is the fate of the acorn told,
That fell from the old oak tree,
And the woodland Fays in the frosty mould
Preserved for its destiny.

THE BLOOD HORSE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Gamara is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known,
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

Look! how 'round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float!
Sinewy strength is on his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins—
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the boasting heart of man
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbons dare aspire—
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was born Here, upon a red March morn: Bu' his famous fathers, dead, Were Arabs all, and Arab bred;

ADMIRATION.

And the last of that great line
Trod like one of a race divine!
And yet—he was but friend to one,
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with green:
With him, a roving Bedouin,
He lived—(none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day)—
And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balkh amid the desert stands!

MIRANDA.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

ADMIRED Miranda!

Indeed the top of admiration; worth What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have eyed with best regard; and many a time The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues Have I liked several women; never any With so full soul but some defect in her Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owned And put it to the foil. But you, O you, So perfect, and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best.

HERMIONE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Thou hast beauty bright and fair, Manner noble, aspect free, Eyes that are untouched by care: What then do we ask from thee? Hermione, Hermione?

Thou hast reason quick and strong,
Wit that envious men admire,
And a voice, itself a song!
What then can we still desire?

Hermione, Hermione?

Something thou dost want, O queen!
(As the gold doth ask alloy),
Tears, amid thy laughter seen,
Pity, mingling with thy joy.

This is all we ask from thee,
Hermione, Hermione.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

For Fame life's meaner records vainly strive, While, in fresh beauty, thy high dreams survive, Still Vesta's temple throws its classic shade O'er the bright foam of Tivoli's cascade, And to one Venus still we bow the knee, Divine as if just issued from the sea; In fancy's trance, yet deem on nights serene, We hear the revels of the fairy queen, That Dian's smile illumes the marble fane, And Ceres whispers in the rustling grain. That Ariel's music has not died away, And in his shell still floats the culprit Fay. The sacred beings of poetic birth Immortal live to consecrate the earth. San Marco's pavement boasts no Doge's tread. And all its ancient pageantry has fled; Yet as we muse beneath some dim arcade, The mind's true kindred glide from ruin's shade: In every passing eye that sternly beams, We start to meet the Shylock of our dreams; Each maiden form, where virgin grace is seen, Crosses our path with Portia's noble mien,

While Desdemona, beauteous as of yore, Yields us the smile that once entranced the Moor.

How Scotland's vales are peopled to the heart By her bold minstrels' necromantic art! Along this fern moved Jeannie's patient feet, Where hangs yon mist, rose Ellangowan's seat, Here the sad bride first gave her love a tongue, And there the chief's last shout of triumph rung:

Beside each stream, down every glen they throng,

The cherished offspring of creative song!
Long ere brave Nelson shook the Baltic shore,
The bard of Avon hallowed Elsinore:
Perchance when moored the fleet, awaiting day,
To fix the battle's terrible array,
Some pensive hero, musing o'er the deep,
So soon to fold him in its dreamless sleep,
Heard the Dane's sad and self-communing tone
Blend with the water's melancholy moan,
Recalled, with prayer and awe-suspended breath
His wild and solemn questionings of death,
Or caught from land Ophelia's dying song,
Swept by the night-breeze plaintively along!

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A FOREST WALK.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

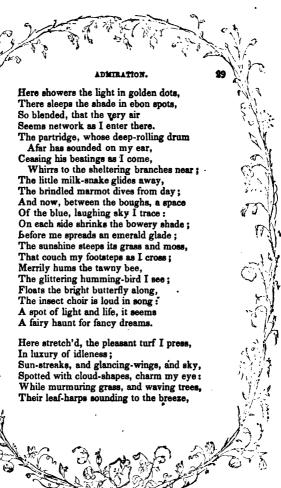
A LOVELY sky, a cloudless sun, A wind that breathes of leaves and flowers. O'er hill, through dale, my steps have won, To the cool forest's shadowy bowers; One of the paths all round that wind, Traced by the browsing herds, I choose, And sights and sounds of human kind In nature's lone recesses lose; The beech displays its marbled bark, The spruce its green tent stretches wide, While scowls the hemlock, grim and dark, The maple's scallop'd dome beside: All weave on high a verdant roof, That keeps the very sun aloof, Making a twilight soft and green, Within the column'd, vaulted scene.

Sweet forest-odours have their birth
From the clothed boughs and teeming earth;
Where pine-cones dropp'd, leaves piled and
dead,
Long tufts of grass, and stars of fern,
With many a wild flower's fairy urn,
A thick, elastic carpet spread;

Here, with its mossy pall, the trunk,
Resolving into soil, is sunk;
There, wrench'd but lately from its throne,
By some fierce whirlwind circling past,
Its huge roots mass'd with earth and stone,
One of the woodland kings is cast.

Above, the forest tops are bright With the broad blaze of sunny light . But now a fitful air-gust parts The screening branches, and a glow Of dazzling, startling, radiance darts Down the dark stems, and breaks below; The mingled shadows off are roll'd. The sylvan floor is bathed in gold: Low sprouts and herbs, before unseen, Display their shades of brown and green: Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss. Gleams twinkle on the laurel's gloss: The robin, brooding in her nest. Chirps as the quick ray strikes her breast; And, as my shadow prints the ground, I see the rabbit upward bound, With pointed ears an instant look. Then scamper to the darkest nook, Where, with crouch'd limb, and staring eye, . He watches while I saunter by.

A narrow vista, carpeted With rich green grass, invites my tread.



And water-tones that tinkle near, Blend their sweet music to my ear; And by the changing shades alone The passage of the hours is known.

THE SEA-IN CALM.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Look what immortal floods the sunset pours
Upon us!—Mark! how still (as though in dreams

Bound) the once wild and terrible Ocean seems!
How silent are the winds! No billow roars:
But all is tranquil as Elysian shores!
The silver margin which aye runneth round
The moon-enchanted sea, hath here no sound:

Even Echo speaks not on these radiant moors!

What! is the giant of the ocean dead,
Whose strength was all unmatched beneath
the sun?

the sun?

No; he reposes! Now his toils are done,
More quiet than the babbling brooks is he.

So mightiest powers by deepest calms are fed,
And sleep, how oft, in things that gentlest be.

TO A SKY-LARK.

BY SHELLEY.

Hall to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight

POETRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is
overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds they flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heedeth not.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Seothing her love-laden
Soul, in secret hour,
With music sweet as love, which overflows her
bower:

ADMIRATION.

Like a glow-worm golden In a dell of dew. Scattering unbeholden Its aërial hue

Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered In its own green leaves. By warm winds deflowered, Till the scent it gives Makes faint with too much sweet these heavywinged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers On the twinkling grass, Rain-awakened flowers. All that ever was Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird, What sweet thoughts are thine: I have never heard Praise of love or wine That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal, Or triumphal chaunt, Matched with thine would be all But an empty vaunt-

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

POETRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance
of pain?

With thy keen clear joyance,
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

ADMIRATION.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

TO VENUS.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

O, THOU, most lovely and most beautiful! Whether thy doves now lovingly do lull Thy bright eyes to soft slumbering upon Some dreamy south wind: whether thou hast gone Upon the heaven now, or if thou art Within some floating cloud, and on its heart Pourest rich-tinted joy; whether thy wheels Are touching on the sun-forsaken fields, And brushing off the dew from bending grass, Leaving the poor green blades to look—alas!

With dim eyes at the moon-(ah! so dost thou Full oft quench brightness!)-VENUS, whether

Thou passest o'er the sea, while each light wing Of thy fair doves is wet, while sea-maids bring Sweet odours for thee-(ah! how foolish they! They have not felt thy smart!) --They know not, while in ocean-caves they play, How strong thou art.

Where'er thou art, O VENUS! hear our song-Kind goddess, hear! for unto thee belong All pleasant offerings: bright doves coo to thee, The while they twine their necks with quiet glee Among the morning leaves: thine are all sounds Of pleasure on the earth: and where abounds Most happiness, for thee we ever look; Among the leaves, in dimly-lighted nook, Most often hidest thou, where winds may wave Thy sunny curls, and cool airs fondly lave Thy beaming brow, and ruffle the white wings Of thy tired doves: and where his love-song sings. With lightsome eyes, some little, strange, sweet bird.

With notes that never but by thee are heard-O, in such scene, most bright, thou liest now. And, with half-open eye, Drinkest in beauty—O, most fair, that thou Wouldst hear our cry!

O, thou, through whom all things upon the earth Grow brighter: thou for whom even laughing mirth

Lengthens his note; thou whom the joyous bird Singeth continuously; whose name is heard In every pleasant sound; at whose warm glance All things look brighter: for whom wine doth dance

More merrily within the brimming vase,
To meet thy lip: thou, at whose quiet pace
Joy leaps on faster, with a louder laugh,
And Sorrow tosses to the sea his staff,
And pushes back the hair from his dim eyes,
To look again upon forgotten skies;
While Avarice forgets to count his gold,
Yea, unto thee his wither'd hand doth hold,
Fill'd with that heart-blood: thou, to whose high
might

All things are made to bow, Come thou to us, and turn thy looks of light Upon us now!

O, hear, great goddess! thou whom all obey;
At whose desire rough satyrs leave their play,
And gather wild-flowers, decking the bright hair
Of her they love, and oft blackberries bear
To shame them at her eyes: O, thou! to whom
They leap in awkward mood, within the gloom
Of darkening oak trees, or at lightsome noon
Sing unto thee, upon their pipes, a tune

Of wondrous languishment: thou whose great power

Brings up the sea-maids from each ocean-bower, With many an idle song, to sing to thee, And bright locks flowing half above the sea, And gleaming eyes, as if in distant caves They spied their lovers—(so among the waves Small bubbles flit, mocking the kindly sun, With little, laughing brightness)—

O, come, and ere our festival be done,
Our new loves bless!

O, thou who once didst weep, and with sad tears Bedew the pitying woods !-- by those great fears That haunted thee when thy beloved lay With dark eyes drown'd in death-by that dull day When poor Adonis fell, with many a moan Among the leaves, and sadly and alone Breathed out his spirit-O, do thou look on All maidens who, for too great love, grow wan, And pity them: come to us when night brings Her first faint stars, and let us hear the wings Of thy most beauteous and bright-eved doves Stirring the breathless air; let all thy loves Be flying round thy car, with pleasant songs Moving upon their lips: come! each maid longs For thy fair presence-goddess of rich love! Come on the odorous air; And, as thy light wheels roll, from us remove All love-sick care!

Lo, we have many kinds of incense here To offer thee, and sunny wine and clear, Fit for young BACCHUS: flowers we have here too. That we have gather'd when the morning dew Was moist upon them; myrtle wreaths we bear, To place upon thy bright, luxuriant hair, And shade thy temples too; 'tis now the time Of all fair beauty: thou who lovest the clime Of our dear Cyprus, where sweet flowers blow With honey in their cups, and with a glow Like thine own cheek, raising their modest heads To be refresh'd with the transparent beads Of silver dew: behold, this April night. Our alters burn for thee; lo, on the light We pour out incense from each golden vase, O, goddess, hear our words! And hither turn, with thine own matchless grace,

Thy white-wing'd birds.

THE PARTHENON.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

FAIR Parthenon! yet still must fancy weep For thee, thou work of nobler spirits flown, Bright as of old, the sunbeams o'er thee sleep In all their beauty still-and thine is gone!

Empires have sunk since thou wert first revered,
And varying rites have sanctified thy shrine.
The dust is round thee of the race that reared
Thy walls; and thou—their fate must soon be
thine!

But when shall earth again exult to see Visions divine, like theirs, renewed in ought like thee?

Lone are thy pillows now—each passing gale Sighs o'er them as a spirit's voice, which moaned That loneliness, and told the plaintive tale Of the bright synod once above them thronea. Mourn, graceful ruin! on thy sacred hill.

Thy gods, thy rites, a kindred fate have shared:
Yet thou art honoured in each fragment still
That wasting years and barbarous hands had
spared;

Each hallowed stone, from rapine's fury borne, Shall wake bright dreams of thee in ages yet unborn.

Yes; in these fragments, though by time defaced, And rude insensate conquerors, yet remains All that may charm the enlightened eye of taste, On shores where still inspiring freedom reigns. As vital fragrance breathes from every part Of the crushed myrtle, or the bruised rose,

ADMIRATION.

E'en thus the essential energy of Art
There in each wreck imperishably glows!
The soul of Athens lives in every line,
Pervading brightly still the ruins of her shrine.

Mark—on the storied frieze the graceful train,
The holy festival's triumphal throng,
In fair procession, to Minerva's fane,
With many a sacred symbol, move along.
There every shade of bright existence trace,
The fire of youth, the dignity of age;
The matron's calm austerity of grace,
The ardent warrior, the benignant sage;
The nymph's light symmetry, the chief's proud
mien;
Each ray of beauty caught and mingled in the scene.

Art, unobtrusive, there ennobles form;
Each pure chaste outline exquisitely flows;
There, e'en the steed, with bold expression warm,
Is clothed with majesty, with being glows.
One mighty mind hath harmonized the whole;
These varied groups the same bright impress bear:

One beam and essence of exalting soul
Lives in the grand, the delicate, and fair;
And well that pageant of the glorious dead
Blends us with nobler days, and loftier spirits fled.

O, conquering Genius! that couldst thus retain
The subtle graces, fading as they rise,
Eternalize expression's fleeting reign,
Arrest warm life in all its energies,
And fix them on the stone—thy glorious lot
Might wake ambition's envy, and create
Powers half divine: while nations are forgot,
A thought, a dream of thine, hath vanquished
fate!
And when thy hand first gave its wonders birth,
The realms that hail them now, scarce claimed a
name on earth.

Wert thou some spirit of a purer sphere
But once beheld, and never to return?
No—we may hail again thy bright career,
Again on earth a kindred fire shall burn!
Though thy least relics, e'en in ruin, bear
A stamp of heaven that ne'er hath been renewed—

A light inherent—let not man despair;
Still be hope ardent, patience unsubdued;
For still is nature fair, and thought divine,
And art hath won a world in models pure as thine.

Gaze on yon forms, corroded and defaced—
Yet there the germ of future glory lies!
Their virtual grandeurs could not be erased;
It clothes them still, though veiled from common eyes.

ADMIRATION.

They once were gods and heroes—and beheld
As the blest guardians of their native scene;
And hearts of warriors, sages, bards, have swelled
With awe that owned their sovereignty of
mien.

Ages have vanished since those hearts were cold.

And still those shattered forms retain their godlike mould.

³Midst their bright kindred, from their marble throne,

They have looked down on thousand storms of time.

Surviving power, and fame, and freedom flown,
They still remained, still tranquilly sublime!
Till mortal hands the heaven conclave marred.
The Olympian groups have sunk, and are forgot,
Not e'en their dust could weeping Athens guard—
But these were destined to a nobler lot!
And they have borne, to light another land,
The quenchless ray that soon shall gloriously expand.

Phidias! supreme in thought! what hand but thine, In human works thus blending earth and heaven, O'er nature's truth hath shed that grace divine, To mortal form immortal grandeur given? What soul but thine infusing all its power,
In these last monuments of matchless days,
Could, from their ruins, bid young Genius tower,
And Hope aspire to more exalted praise?
And guide deep Thought to that secluded height
Where excellence is throned in purity of light.

A HEALTH.

BY EDWARD C. PINCKNEY

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her very tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds;
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words:
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows,
As one may see the burden'd bee
Forth issue from the roso.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers.
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears

And lovely passions, changing oft, So fill her, she appears The image of themselves by turns— The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill'd this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood,
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL, at inversneyde, upon loch lomond.

BY WORDSWORTH.

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower Of beauty is thy earthly dower! Twice seven consenting years have shed Their utmost bounty on thy head: And these gray rocks, this household lawn: These trees, a veil just half withdrawn: This fall of water that doth make A murmur near the silent lake: This little bay, a quiet road That holds in shelter thy abode; In truth together do ve seem Like something fashioned in a dream : Such forms as from their covert peep When earthly cares are laid asleep; Yet, dream and vision as thou art, I bless thee with a human heart: God shield thee to thy latest years! I neither know thee nor thy peers; And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray For thee when I am far away: For never saw I mien, or face, In which more plainly I could trace

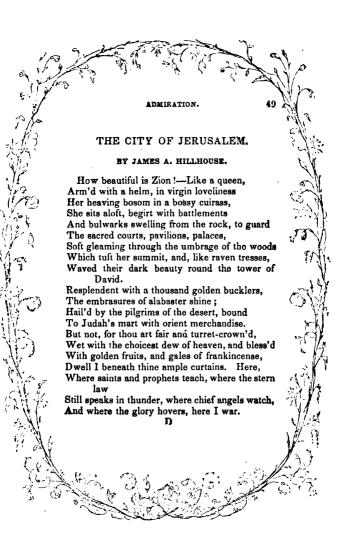
ADMIRATION.

Benignity and home-bred sense Ripening in perfect innocence. Here, scattered like a random seed, Remote from men, thou dost not need The embarrassed look of shy distress. And maidenly shamefacedness: Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear The freedom of a mountaineer. A face with gladness overspread! Sweet looks, by human kindness bred ! And seemliness complete, that sways Thy courtesies, about thee plays; With no restraint, but such as springs From quick and eager visitings Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach Of thy few words of English speech: A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife That gives thy gestures grace and life! So have I, not unmoved in mind. Seen birds of tempest-loving kind. Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull For thee who art so beautiful!
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some healthy dell;
Adopt your homely ways and dress—A shepherd—thou a shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:

Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea: and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee and to see!
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father, any thing to thee!

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace Hath led me to this lonely place. Joy have I had; and going hence I bear away my recompense. In spots like these it is we prize Our memory,-feel that she hath eyes: Then why should I be loath to stir ? I feel this place was made for her; To give new pleasure like the past, Continued long as life shall last. Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart, Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part; For I, methinks, till I grow old, As fair before me shall behold, As I do now, the cabin small, The lake, the bay, the waterfall; And thee, the spirit of them all!



TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

BY WILSON.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth!
Does human blood with life imbue
These wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?

A human shape I feel thou art,
I feel it at my beating heart,
Those tremors both of soul and sense
Awoke by infant innocence!
Though dear the forms by fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love:
Thoughts from the living world intrude
Even on her deepest solitude:

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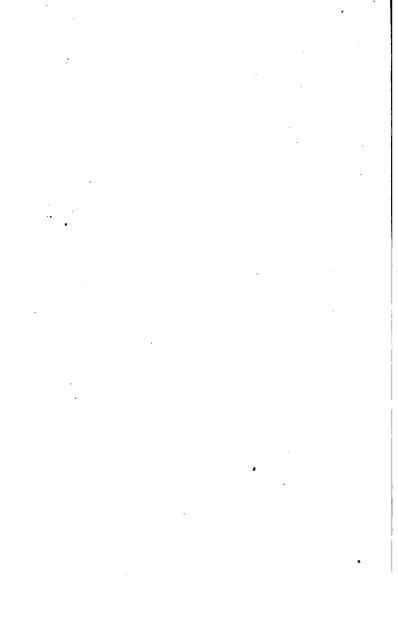
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Their originalis Cualkid.



ADMIRATION.

But, lovely child! thy magic stole At once into my inmost soul, With feelings as thy beauty fair, And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown; Glad would they be their child to own! And well they must have loved before, If since the birth they loved not more. Thou art a branch of noble stem, And, seeing thee, I figure them. What many a child'ess one would give, If thou in their still home would'st live! Though in thy face no family line Might sweetly say, "This babe is mine!" In time thou would'st become the same As their own child,—all but the name!

How happy must thy parents be
Who daily live in sight of thee!
Whose hearts no greater pleasure seek
Than see thee smile, and hear thee speak,
And feel all natural griefs beguiled
By thee, their fond, their duteous child.
What joy must in their souls have stirred
When thy first broken words were heard;
Words, that, inspired by Heaven, expressed
The transports dancing in thy breast!
And for thy smile!—thy lip, cheek, brow,
Even while I gaze are kindling now.

I called thee duteous; am I wrong?
No! truth I feel is in my song:
Duteous thy heart's still beatings move
To God, to Nature, and to Love!
To God!—for thou, a harmless child,
Hast kept his temple undefiled:
To Nature!—for thy tears and sighs
Obey alone her mysteries:
To Love!—for fiends of hate might see
Thou dwell'st in love and love in thee!
What wonder then, though in thy dreams
Thy face with mystic meaning beams!

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smilest as if thy soul were soaring
To Heaven, and Heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye!
What brighter throne can brightness find,
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy, or error dim,
The glory of the Seraphim \$\mathbf{t}\$

COLISEUM.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Type of the antique Rome ' rich reliquary Of lofty contemplation, left to Time By buried centuries of pomp and power! At length, at length—after so many days Of weary pilgrimage, and burning thirst, (Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie,) I kneel, an alter'd and an humble man, Within thy shadows—and so drink, within My very soul, thy grandeur, gloom, and glory.

Wy very soul, thy grandeur, gloom, and glory Vastness, and age, and memories of old: Silence, and desolation, and dim night! I fee, ye now—I feel ye in your strength. O, spells more sure than e'er Judæan king Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane! O, charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind. now wave the reed and thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the C ESAR sate,
On bed of moss lies gloating the foul adder!
Here, where on ivory couch the monarch loll'd.

Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home, Lit by the wan light of the horned moon, The swift and silent lizard of the stones! But hold!—these dark these perishing are:

But hold!—these dark, these perishing arcades, These mouldering plinths, these sad and blacken'd shafts.

These vague entablatures, this broken frieze,
These shatter'd cornices, this wreck, this ruin,
These stones—alas! these gray stones, are they
all.

All of the proud and the colossal left
By the corrosive hours, to fate and me?

"Not all," the echoes answer me, "not all,
Prophetic sounds, and loud, arise for ever
From us, and from all ruin, to the wise,
As melody from Memnon to the sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men; we rule,
With a despotic sway, all giant minds.
We are not impotent, we pallid stones;
Not all our power is gone, not all our fame,
Not all the magic of our high renown,
Not all the wonder that encircles us,
Not all the mysteries that in us lie,
Not all the memories that hang upon
And cling around about us as a garment,

Clothing us in a robe of more than glory.

ST. LEÒNARD'S.

BY CAMPBELL.

HAIL to thy face and odours, glorious Sea!
'Twere thanklessness in me to bless the not
Great beauteous being! in whose breath and smile
My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer
Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world!
Though like the world thou fluctuat'st, thy din
To me is peace, thy restlessness repose;
Even gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes,
With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,
And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
Long trills and gushing ectasies of song,
For these wild headlands, and the sea-mew's
clang.

With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea, I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades And green savannahs—Earth has not a plain So boundless or so beautiful as thine; The eagle's vision cannot take it in: The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space, Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird: It is the mirror of the stars, where all

POETRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

Their hosts within the concave firmament, Gay marching to the music of the spheres, Can see themselves at once.

Nor on the stage
Of rural landscape are there lights and shades
Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.
How vividly this moment brightens forth,
Between gray parallel and leaden breadths,
A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
Elushed like the rainbow, or the ring-dove's neck,
And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
The semblance of a meteor.

Mighty Sea! Chameleon-like thou changest, but there's love In all thy change, and constant sympathy With yonder sky-thy mistress; from her brow Thou tak'st thy moods and wear'st her colours on Thy faithful bosom: morning's milky white, Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve; And all thy balmier hours, fair element, Have such divine complexion—crisped smiles. Luxuriant bearings, and sweet whisperings, That little is the wonder Love's own Queen From thee of old was fabled to have sprung-Creation's common! which no human power Can parcel or inclose; the lordliest floods And cataracts that the tiny hands of man Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew To thee that could subdue the earth itself

ADMIRATION

And brook'st commandment from the heavens alone

For marshalling thy waves-

Yet, potent Sea! How placidly thy moist lips speak even now Along you sparkling shingles. Who can be So fanciless as to feel no gratitude That power and grandeur can be so serene, Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way, And rocking even the fisher's litle bark As gently as a mother rocks her child?

The inhabitants of other worlds behold
Our orb more lucid for thy spacious share
On earth's rotundity; and is he not
A blind worm in the dust, great Deep, the man.
Who sees not, or, who seeing, has no joy
In thy magnificence? What though thou art
Unconscious and material, thou canst reach
The inmost immaterial mind's recess,
And with thy tints and motion stir its chords
To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre!

The Spirit of the Universe in thee
Is visible; thou hast in thee the life—
The eternal, graceful, and majestic life
Of nature, and the natural human heart
Is therefore bound to thee with holy love.
Earth has her gorgeous towns: the earth

Earth has her gorgeous towns; the earth-circling sea

Has spires and mansions more amusive still— Men's volant homes that measure liquid space On wheel or wing. The chariot of the land, With pained and panting steeds and clouds of dust,

Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair Careerers with the foam beneath their bows, Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by day, Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the night.

Moored as they cast the shadows of their masts
In long array, or hither flit and yond
Mysteriously with slow and crossing lights,
Like spirits on the darkness of the deep.
There is a magnetalike attraction in

There is a magnet-like attraction in These waters, to the imaginative power That links the viewless with the visible, And pictures things unseen. To realms beyond Yon highway of the world my fancy flies, When by her tall and triple mast we know Some noble voyager that has to woo The trade-winds, and to stem the ecliptic surge. The coral-groves—the shores of conch and pearl. Where she will cast her anchor and reflect Her cabin-window lights on warmer waves, And under planets brighter than our own: The nights of palmy isles, that she will see Lit boundless by the fire-fly-all the smells Of tropic fruit that will regale her-all The pomp of nature, and the inspiriting Varieties of life she has to greet. Come swarming over the meditative mind.

True, to the dream of Fancy. Ocean has His darker tints; but where the element That chequers not its usefulness to man With casual terror? Scathes not Earth sometimes Her children with Tartarean fires, or shakes The shricking cities, and with one last clang Of bells for their own ruin, strews them flat As riddled ashes—silent as the grave? Walks not Contagion on the Air itself? I should-old Ocean's Saturnalian days And roaring nights of revelry and sport With wreck and human woe-be loth to sing; For they are few, and all their ills weigh light Against his sacred usefulness, that bids Our pensile globes revolve in purer air. Here Morn and Eve with blushing thanks receive Their freshening dews, gay fluttering breezes cool Their wings to fan the brow of fevered climes, And here the Spring dips down her emerald urn For showers to glad the earth.

Old Ocean was
Infinity of ages ere we breathed
Existence—and he will be beautiful
When all the living world that sees him now
Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
Quelling from age to age the vital throb
In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
The pulse that swells in his stupendous breast,
Or interdict his ministrelsy to sound
In thundering concert with the quivering winds;

POETRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

But long as man to parent Nature owns Instinctive homage, and in times beyond The power of thought to reach, bard after bard Shall sing thy glory, Beatific Sea.

SUNSET NEAR VENICE.

BY SHELLEY.

How beautiful is sunset when the glow Of heaven descends upon a land like thee, Thou paradise of exiles, Italy! Thy mountains, seas, and vineyards, and the towers

Of cities they encircle!—It was ours
To stand on thee beholding it; and then
Just where we had dismounted, the Count's men
Were waiting for us with the gondola.
As those who pause on some delightful way,
Though bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood
Looking upon the evening and the flood,
Which lay between the city and the shore,
Paved with the image of the sky: the hoar
And airy Alps, towards the north, appeared,
Through mist, a heaven-sustaining bulwark,
reared

ADMIRATION.

Between the east and west; and half the sky
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
Among the many-folded hills—they were
Those famous Eugunean Hills, which bear
As seen from Lido through the harbour piles
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles—
And then as if the earth and sea had been
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen,
Those mountains towering as from waves of
flame,

Around the vaporous sun, from which there came
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
Their very peaks transparent. "Ere it fade,
Said my companion, "I will show you soon
A better station," So, o'er the lagune
We glided, and from that funeral bark
I leaned, and saw the city, and could mark
How from their many isles, in evening's gleam,
Its temples and its palaces did seem
Like fabrics of enchantment piled to heaven.

TRANQUILLITY OF NATURE.

BY MOORE.

How calm, how beautiful comes on The stilly hour, when storms are gone: When warring winds have died away, And clouds, beneath the glancing ray, Melt off, and leave the lands and sea Sleeping in bright tranquillity .-Fresh as if day again were born, Again upon the lap of morn! When the light blossoms, rudely torn And scattered at the whirlwind's will. Hang floating in the pure air still. Filling it all with precious balm, In gratitude for this sweet calm :-And every drop the thunder-showers Have left upon the grass and flowers Sparkles, as 'twere, that lightning-gem Whose liquid flame is born of them!

When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs:

ADMIRATION.

When the blue waters rise and fall, In sleepy sunshine mantling all; And even that swell the tempest leave Is like the full and silent heaves Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,—Too newly to be quite at rest.

THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

LORD of the day-star! how many words portray
Of thy chaste glory one reflected ray?
Whate'er the soul could dream, the hand could
trace.

Of regal dignity and heavenly grace;
Each purer effluence of the fair and bright,
Whose fitful gleams have broke on mortal sight;
Each bold idea, borrowed from the sky,
To vest the embodied form of Deity;
All, all in thee ennobled and refined,
Breathe and enchant, transcendently combined;
Son of Flysium! years and ages gone
Have bowed, in speechless homage, at thy throne,
And days unborn, and nations yet to be,
Shall gaze, absorbed in ecstacy, on thee!

GREEN RIVER.

BY BRYANT.

When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green;
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the waters they drink:
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair hue-

Yet pure its waters—its shallows are bright
With coloured pebbles and sparkles of light—
And clear the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away;
And the plane-trees speckled arms overshoot
The swifter current that mines its root,
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the
hill,

The quivering glimmer of sun and rill
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond stone.
Oh! loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum;

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The flowers of summer are fairest there, And freshest the breath of the summer air; And sweetest the golden autumn day In silence and sunshine glides away.

Yet fair as thou art thou shun'st to glide. Beautiful stream! by the village side; But windest away from the haunts of men, To quiet valley and shaded glen; And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill, Around thee are lonely, lovely, and still. Lonely-save when, by the rippling tides, From thicket to thicket the angler glides: Or the simpler comes with basket and book. For herbs of power on thy banks to look; Or haply some idle dreamer, like me, To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee. Still-save the chirp of birds that feed On the river cherry and seedy reed, And thy own wild music gushing out With mellow murmur and fairy shout, From dawn to the blush of another day, Like traveller singing along his way.

That fairy music I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
And mark them winding away from sight,
Darkened with shade or flashing with light—
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings—

But I wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee—
Till the eating cares of earth should depart
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart;
And I envy thy stream, as it glides along,
Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song.

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of earth are subtle and loud—
I often come to this quiet place,
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
And gaze upon thee in silent dream;
For in thy lonely and lovely stream
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years.

TO SENECA LAKE.

BY PERCIVAL.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!

The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

ADMIRATION.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream !
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam
And curl around the dashing oar
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
The golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow,

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!
O! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

TO MONT BLANC.

MOUNTAIN,—who reignest o'er thine Alpine peers
Transcendently, and from thy massive crown
Of arrowy brightness dartest down thy beams
Upon their lesser coronets,—all hail!
Unto the soul in hallowed musing wrapt,
Spirits in which creation's glorious forms
Do shadow forth and speak the invisible,
The etherial, the eternal thou dost shine
With emblematic brightness. Those untrod
And matchless domes, through many a weary
league

Beyond the gazer, when the misty veil Dies round them, start upon his dazzled sigh* In vastness almost tangible; thy smooth And bold convexity of silent snows Raised on the still and dark blue firmament!

Mountain,—thou image of eternity!—
Oh, let not foreign feet, inquisitive,
Swift in untrained aspirings, proudly tempt
Thy searchless waste!--What half-taught fortitude
Can balance unperturbed above the clefts
Of yawning and unfathomable ice
That moat thee round; or wind the giddy ledge
Of thy sheer granite! Hath he won his way,
That young investigator? Yes; but now,

Quick panting on superior snows, his frame Trembles in dizzinese; his wandering look Drinks pale confusion; the wide scene is dim; Its all of firm or fleeting, near or far, Deep rolling clouds beneath, and wavering mists That flit above him with their transient shades, And storm-deriding rocks, and treacherous snows, And blessed sunlight, in his dying eye Float dubious; and 'tis midnight at his heart!

Mountain,—That firm and ardent Genevese,
The enthusiast child of science, whose bold foot
Bounded across thine ice-rents, who disdained
The frozen outworks of thy steep ravines,
And, through a labyrinth of crystal rocks,
Pressed his untired ascent, e'en he, and all
His iron band of native mountsineers,
While scaling the aërial cupola
Of Nature's Temple, owned a breathless pang.
Thy most attenuate element is fit
For angel roamings. True, his zealous mind
Achieved its philosophic aim, and marked
And measured thee; but turned to earthly climes
Full soon, and bent in gladness toward the vale.

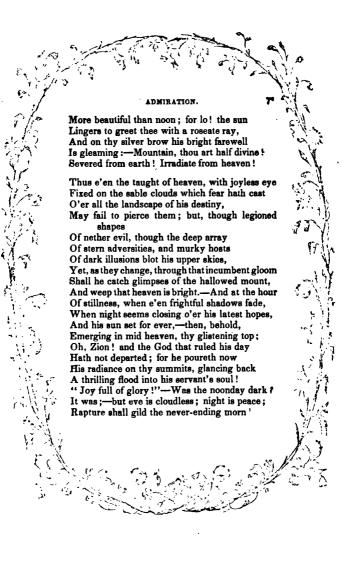
Mountain,—the sons of science or of taste
Need not essay such triumph. 'Tis more wise
And happier—till a fiery chariot wait—
To scan from lesser lights thy glorious whole;
To climb above the deep though lofty plain

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That wrongs thee; pass its lines of envious peaks, And stationed at thy cross, sublime Flegere! Thence meditate the monarch's grandeur; while His host of subject hills are spread beneath; For scarce, till then, his own colossal might Seems disenthralled; and mute astonishment, Unquenched by doubt or dread, at each new step, Shall own his aspect more celestial still. There, in some hollow nook reclining, whence The bright-eyed chamois sprang; with tufted bells Of rhododendron blushing at my feet; The unprofaned recess of Alpine life Were all my world that hour; and the vast mount In his lone majesty would picture heaven.

Bright mountain,—Ah! but volumed clouds enwrap

Thy broad foundations, curtain all thy steeps, And, rising as the orb of day declines, Brood on the vassal chain that flank thee round, Then thy whole self involve—save, haply, when A quick and changing vista may reveal Some spotless portion of thy front, and show Thee not unstable, like the earthborn cloud, Brilliant though hid, abiding if unseen. Then, as the vale grows darker, and the sun Deserts unnumbered hills, o'er that high zone Of gathered vapour thou dost sudden lift Thy silver brow, calm as the hour of eve, Clear as the morning, still as the midnight,



ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

BY WILSON.

MAGNIFICENT creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far beaming
head:

Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale!— Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful!—hail! Hail! idol divine!—whom nature hath borne O'er a hundred hill tops since the mists of the morn,

Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor.

As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore; For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free, Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee, Up! up to you cliff! like a king to his throne. O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—A throne which the eagle is glad to resign Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine. There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast.

Lo! the clouds in the depths of the sky are at rest; And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill. In the hush of the mountains, ye antiers, lie still!— Though your branches now toes in the storm of delight

Like the arms of the pine on you shelterless height, One moment—thou bright apparition—delay! Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

His voyage is o'er.—As if struck by a spell, He motionless stands in the hush of the dell; There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast, In the midst of his pastime enamoured of rest. A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—A dancing ray chained to one sunshiny place—A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven.

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee:
Magnificent prison enclosing the free;
With rock wall-encircl'd-with precipice crown'dWhich, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a
bound.

'Mid the fern and the heather kind nature doth keep

One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep, And close to that covert, as clear to the skies When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies.

Where the creature at rest can his image behold, Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as bold.

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Yes: fierce looks thy nature, e'en hushed in re

In the depths of thy desert regardless of foes,
Thy bold antiers call on the hunter afar,
With a haughty defiance to come to the war.
No outrage is war to a creature like thee;
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
In the beams of thy forehead, that glitter with
death.

In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath.—

In the wide raging torrent that lends thee its roar,
In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no
more.—

Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign:—

But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?
On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
While the hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurned from his furious
feet:—

And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,

As Nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

AN ITALIAN SUMMER EVENING.

BY BYRON.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free—
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the
blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rheatian hill
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order:—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glassed
within it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar Comes down upon the waters; all its hues, From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow shows
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the Dolphin, whom each pang imbues

With a new colour as it gasps away,

The last still loveliest till—'tis gone—and all is
gray.

FLORIZEL'S PRAISE OF PERDITA.

BY SHAKESPEAR.

What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak
sweet.

I'd have you do i' ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish
you

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own No other function: Each your doing, So singular in each particular, Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds That all your acts are queens.

NIAGARA.

BY L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Frow en for ever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead: and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence—and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

Ah! who can dare
To lift the insect-trump of earthly hope,
Or love, or sorrow—'mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn? Even Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood: and all his waves
Retire abashed. For he doth sometimes seem
To sleep like a spent labourer—and recall
His wearied billows from their vexing play,
And lull them to a cradle calm: but thou,
With everlasting, undecaying tide,
Dost rest not night or day. The morning stars,
When first they sang o'er young creation's birth,
Heard thy deep anthem; and those wrecking fires,
That wait the archangle's signal to dissolve

This solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears, On thy unending volume.

Every leaf That lifts itself within thy wide domain. Doth gather greenness from thy living spray. Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo! you birds Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wing Amid thy mist and foam. 'Tis meet for them To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly stir The snowy leaflets of thy vapour-wreath, For they may sport unharmed amid the clouds. Or listen at the echoing gate of heaven, Without reproof. But as for us, it seems Scarce lawful, with our broken tones, to speak Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint Thy glorious features with our pencil's point. Or woo thee to the tablet of a song, Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul A wondering witness of thy majesty; But as it presses with delirious joy
To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
And tame its rapture with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
In the dread presence of the Invisible,
As if to answer to its God through thee.

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS EARTH.

BY E. B. BARRETT.

How beautiful is Earth! my starry thoughts Look down on it from their unearthly sphere, And sing symphonious—beautiful is Earth! The lights and shadows of her myriad's hills; The branching greenness of her myriad woods; Her sky-affecting rocks; her changing sea; Her rushing, gleaming cataracts; her streams That race below, the winged clouds on high; Her pleasantness of vale and meadow!

Me seemeth through the leafy trees to ring
A chime of bells to falling waters tuned,
Whereat comes heathen Zephyrus out of breath
With running up the hills, and shakes his hair
From off his gleesome forehead, bold and glad
With keeping blithe Dan Phœbus company;
And throws him on the grass, though half afraid,
First glancing round lest tempests should be nigh;
And lays close to the ground his ruddy lips,
And shapes their beauty into sound, and calls
On all the petalled flowers that sit beneath
In hiding places from the rain and snow,
To loosen the hard soil, and leave their cold
Sad idlesse, and betake them up to him.
They straightway hear his voice.

CATHEDRAL HYMN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

A DIM and mighty minister of old Time! A temple shadowy with remembrances Of the majestic past !- the very light Streams with a colouring of heroic days In every ray, which leads through arch and aisle A path of dreamy lustre, wandering back To other years; -and the rich fretted roof. And the wrought coronals of summer leaves, Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured rose-The tenderest image of mortality-Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts Cluster like stems in corn-sheaves,-all these things Tell of a race that nobly, fearlessly, On their heart's worship poured a wealth of love! Honour be with the dead !-- the people kneel Under the helms of antique chivalry,

Under the helms of antique chivalry,
And in the crimson gloom from banners thrown,
And midst the forms, in pale proud slumber carved
Of warriors on their tombs.—The people kneel
Where mail-clad chiefs have knelt; where jewelled
crowns

On the flushed brows of conquerors have been set: Where the high anthems of old victories

Have made the dust give echoes. Hence, vain thoughts!

Memories of power and pride, which, long ago,
Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk
In twilight depths away. Return, my soul
The cross recalls thee.—Lo! the blessed cross!
High o'er the banners, and the crests of earth,
Fixed in its meek and still supremacy!
And lo! the throng of beating human hearts
With all their secret scrolls of buried grief,
All their full treasures of immortal Hope,
Gathered before their God! Hark! how the flood
Of the rich organ harmony bears up
Their voice on its high waves!—a mighty burst!—
A forest-sounding music!—every tone
Which the blasts call forth with their harping
wings

From gulfs of tossing foliage there is blent:
And the old minister—forest-like itself—
With its long avenues of pillared shade,
Seems quivering all with spirit, as that strain
O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not
One tomb unthrilled by the strong sympathy
Answering the electric notes.—Join, join, my soul!
In thine own lowly, trembling consciousness,
And thine own solitude. the glorious hymn.

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A LOVER'S ADMIRATION.

BY LANDON.

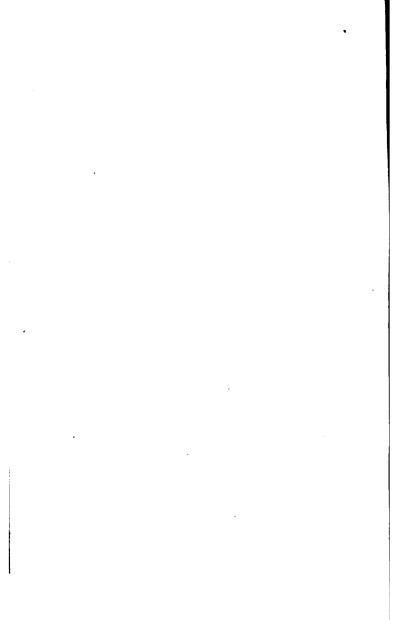
I SEE her now. How more than beautiful She paces yon broad terrace!—The free wind Has lifted the soft curls from off her cheek, Which yet it crimsons not,—the pure, the pale,—Like a young saint. How delicately carved The Gercian outline of her face!—but touched With a more spiritual beauty, and more meek. Her large blue eyes are raised up to the heavens, Whose hues they wear, and seem to grow more clear

As the heart fills them. There, those parted lips,—Prayer could but give such voiceless eloquence,—Shining like snow her clasped and earnest hands. She seems a dedicated nun, whose heart Is God's own altar. By her side I feel As in some holy place. My best love, mine, Blessings must fall on one like thee!

ADORATION.

Deskind was been to wonder, and adors.

(83)



Adoration.

GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

A HYMN.

BY BRYANT.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned

To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that, high in heaven,
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed.
His spirit with the thought of boundless Power
And inaccessible Majesty. Ah, why

Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore Only among the crowd, and under roofs That our frail hands have raised! Let me, at least, Here, in the shadow of this aged wood, Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand Hath reared these venerable columns; Thou Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down

Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in Thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy
breeze,

And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow

Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died Among their branches, till at last they stood, As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold Communion with his Maker. Here are seen No traces of man's pomp or pride;—no silks Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes Encounter; no fantastic carvings show The boast of our vain race to change the form Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds That run along the summits of these trees

ADORATION.

In music;—Thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt:—the barky trunks, the
ground,

The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with Thee. Here is continual worship;—nature, here, In the tranquillity that Thou dost love, Enjoys Thy presence. Noiselessly, around, From perch to perch, the solitary bird Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs, Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left Thyself without a witness, in these shades, Of Thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,

Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak—By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the in-dwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

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My heart is awed within me, when I think Of the great miracle that still goes on. In silence, round me-the perpetual work Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed For ever. Written on Thy works, I read The lesson of Thy own eternity. Lo! all grow old and die: but see, again, How, on the faltering footsteps of decay, Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth-In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees Wave not less proudly than their ancestors Moulder beneath them. O, there is not lost One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet, After the flight of untold centuries. The freshness of her far beginning lies And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate Of his arch enemy Death-yea, seats himself Upon the sepulchre, and blooms and smiles. And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth From Thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men, who hid themselves Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived The generation born with them, nor seemed Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks Around them:—and there have been holy men, Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus. But let me often to these solitudes

Retire, and, in thy presence, reassure My feeble virtue. Here its enemies. The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink, And tremble, and are still. O God! when Thou Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill With all the waters of the firmament The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods, And drowns the villages; when, at Thy call, Uprises the great Deep, and throws himself Upon the continent, and overwhelms Its cities :-- who forgets not, at the sight Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power, His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by? Oh, from these sterner aspects of Thy face, Spare me and mine: nor let us need the wrath Of the mad, unchained elements to teach Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate. In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty, And, to the beautiful order of Thy works, Learn to conform the order of our lives.

ALL ARE THINE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"Tis night! Oh now come forth to gaze
Upon the heavens, intense and bright!
Look on yon myriad worlds, and say,
Though beauty dwelleth with the day
Is not God manifest by night?

Thou that created'st all! Thou fountain
Of our sun's light—who dwellest far
From man, beyond the farthest star,
Yet, ever present; who dost heed
Our spirits in their human need,
We bless Thee, Father, that we are!

We bless Thee for our inward life;
For its immortal date decreeing;
For that which comprehendeth Thee,
A spark of Thy divinity,
Which is the being of our being!

We bless Thee for this bounteous earth;
For its increase—for corn and wine;
For forest-oaks, for mountain rills,
For "cattle on a thousand hills;"
We bless Thee—for all good is Thine!

ADORATION.

The earth is Thine, and it Thou keepest, That man mey labour not in vain; Thou giv'st the grass, the grain, the tree, Seed-time and harvest come from Thee, The early and the latter rain!

The earth is Thine—the summer earth;
Fresh with the dews, with sunshine bright;
With golden clouds in evening hours,
With singing birds and balmy flowers,
Creatures of beauty and delight.

The earth is thine—the teeming earth;
In the rich bounteous time of seed,
When man goes forth in joy to reap,
And gathers up his garnered heap,
Against the time of storm and need.

The earth is thine—when days are dim, And leafless stands the stately tree; When from the north the fierce winds blow, When falleth fast the mantling snow;— The earth pertaineth still to thee!

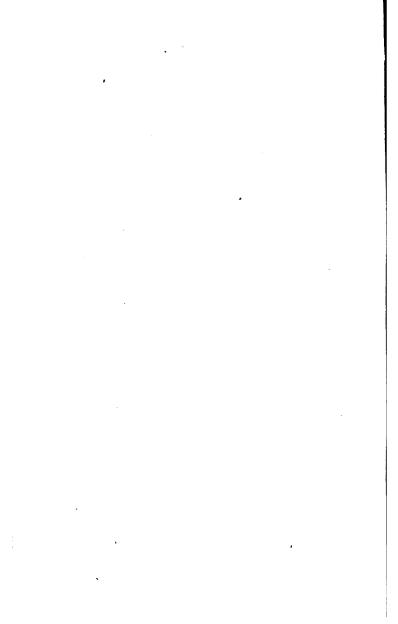
The earth is thine—thy creature, man!
Thine are all worlds, all suns that shine.
Darkness and light, and life and death;
Whate'er all space inhabiteth—
Creator! Father! all are thine!

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There at the plough thou find'st thy team, With a hind whistling there to them; And cheer'st them up by singing how The kingdom's portion is the plough. This done, then to th' enamell'd meads Thou go'st; and as thy foot there treads, Thou see'st a present godlike power Imprinted in each herb and flower; And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine. Sweet as the blossoms of the vine. Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat, Unto the dewlaps up in meat; And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer, The heifer, cow, and ox, draw near, To make a pleasing pastime there. These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox: And find'st their bellies there as full Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool; And leavest them as they feed and fill; A shepherd piping on a hill. For sports, for pageantry, and plays, Thou hast thou eves and holidays; On which the young men and maids meet, To exercise their dancing feet; Tripping the comely country round, With daffodils and daisies crown'd. Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast; Thy may-poles too, with garlands graced;

POETRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale, Thy shearing feast, which never fail; Thy harvest-home, thy wassail-bowl, That's tost up after fox i' th' hole; Thy mummeries, Twelfth-night kings And queens, thy Christmas revellings: Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit; And no man pays too dear for it. To these thou hast thy times to go, And trace the hare in the treacherous snow; Thy witty wiles to draw, and get The lark unto the trammel net: Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade To take the precious pheasant made; Thy line-twigs, snares, and pit-falls, then To catch the pilfering birds, not men.

O happy life, if that their good
The husbandmen but understood!
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these;
And, lying down, have nought to affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

ADORATION.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

BY THOMAS PARNELL.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind; Sweet delight of human kind! Heavenly born, and bred on high, To crown the favourites of the sky With more happiness below Than victors in a triumph know! Whither, O whither art thou fied, To lay thy meek contented head; What happy region dost thou please To make the seat of calms and ease!

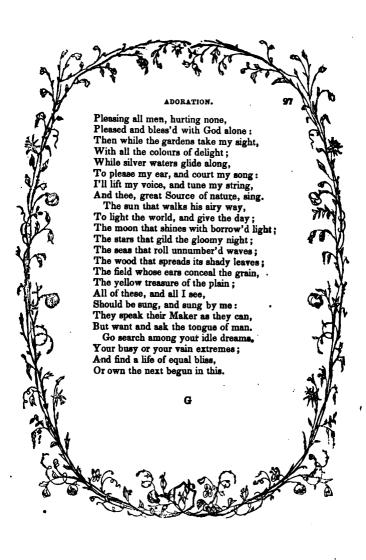
Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of wo.

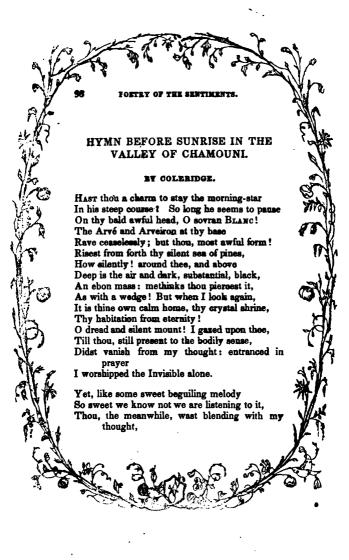
No real happiness is found In trailing purple o'er the ground: Or in a soul exalted high, To range the circuit of the sky, Converse with stars above, and know All nature in its forms below: The rest it seeks, in seeking dies, And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise Lovely, lasting peace, appear, This world itself, if thou art here, Is once again with Eden blest,

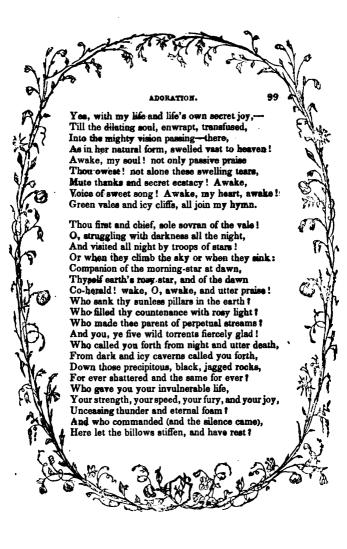
And man contains it in his breast.

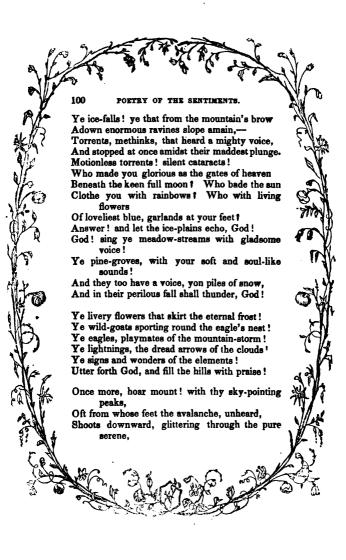
'Twas thus, as under the shade I stood. I sung my wishes to the wood, And, lost in thought, no more perceived The branches whisper as they waved: It seem'd as all the quiet place Confess'd the presence of his grace. When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will, Bid thy wild passions all be still, Know God-and bring thy heart to know The joys which from religion flow; Then every grace shall prove its guest, And I'll be there to crown the rest.

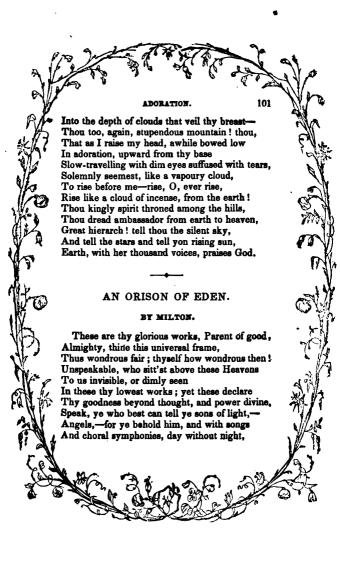
Oh! by yonder mossy seat, In my hours of sweet retreat, Might I thus my soul employ, With sense of gratitude and joy; Raised as ancient prophets were, In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer,

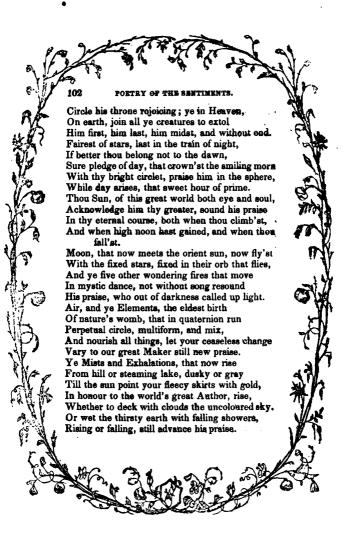


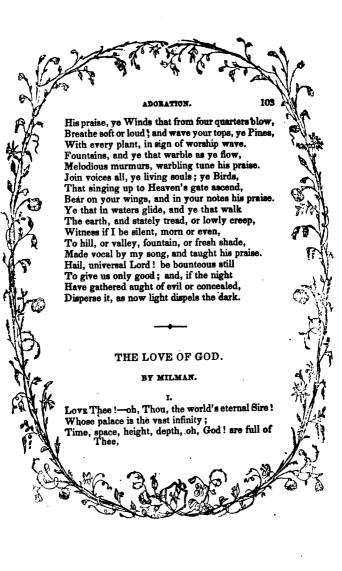


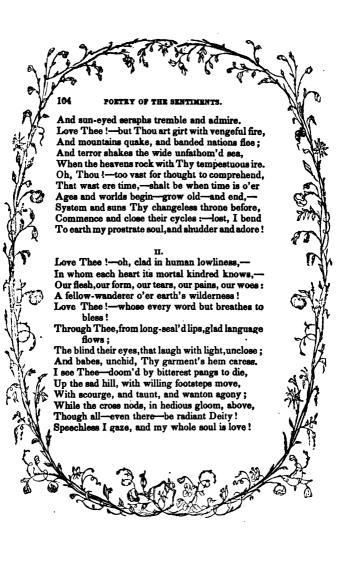


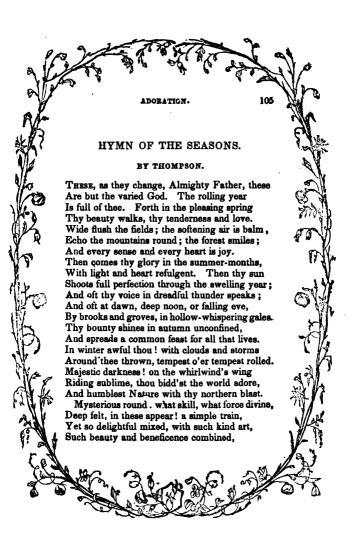


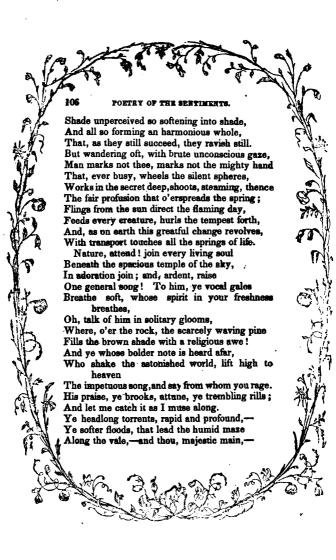


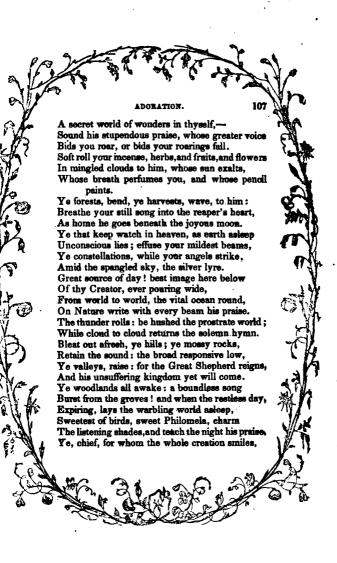


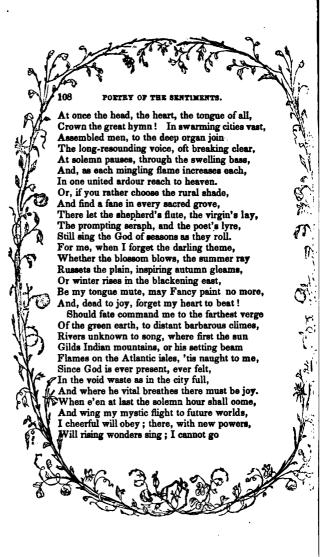


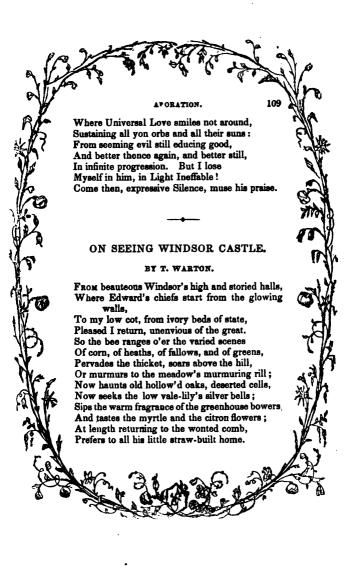


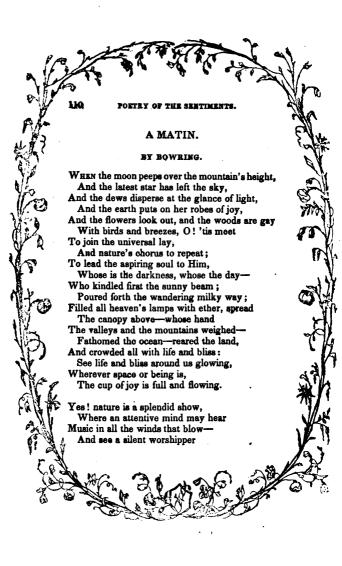


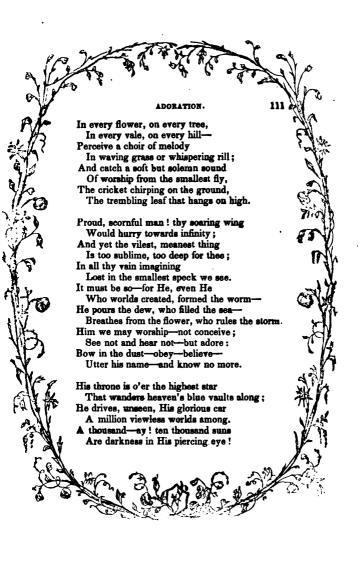


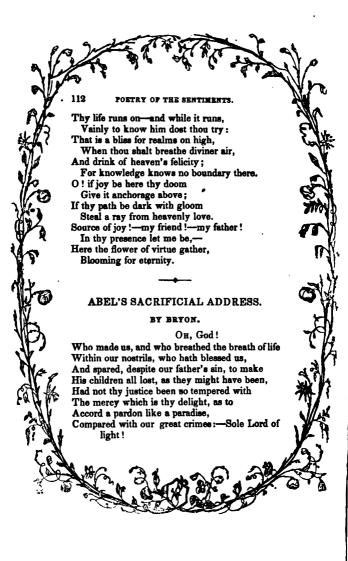












11

Of good, and glory, and eternity;
Without whom all were evil, and with whom
Nothing can err, except to some good end
Of thine omnipotent benevolence—
Inscrutable, but still to be fulfilled—
Accept from out thy humble first of shepherd's
First of the first-born flocks—an offering,
In itself nothing—as what offering can be
Aught unto thee?—but yet accept it for
The thanksgiving of Him who spreads it in
The face of thy heaven, bowing his own
Even to the dust, of which he is, in honour
Of Thee, and of Thy name, for evermore!

HYMN

OF THE DAUGHTERS OF JERUSALEM.

BY MILMAN.

King of Kings! and Lord of Lords!
Thus we more our sad steps timing
To our cymbals' faintest chiming,
Where thy house its rest accords.
Chased and wounded birds are we;
Through the dark air fled to thee;
To the shadow of thy wing,
Lord of Lords! and King of Kings!

POETRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

Behold, oh Lord! the Heathen tread
The branches of thy fruitful vine,
That its luxurious branches spread
O'er all the hills of Palestine.
And now the wild boar comes to waste
Even us, the greenest boughs and last,
That drinking of thy choicest dew,
On Zion's hill in beauty grew.

No! by the marvels of thine hand, Thou still wilt save thy chosen land! By all thine ancient mercies shown By all our father's foes o'erthrown; By the Egyptian car-borne host, Scattered on the Read Sea coast; By that wide and bloodless slaughter Underneath the drowning water.

Like us in utter helplessness, In their last and worst distress— On the sand and sea-weed lying, Israel poured her doleful sighing; While before the deep sea flowed, And behind fierce Egypt rode— To their fathers' God they prayed, To the Lord of Hosts for aid.

On the margin of the flood
With lifted rod the Prophet stood;
And the summoned east wind blew,
And aside it sternly threw
The gathered waves, that took their stand,
Like crystal rocks, on either hand,

ADORATION.

Or walls of sea-green marble piled
Round some irregular city wild.
Then the light of morning lay
On the wonder-paved way,
Where the treasures of the deep
In their caves of coral sleep.
The profound abysses, where
Was never sound from upper air,
Rang with Israel's chanted words,
King of Kings! and Lord of Lords!
Then with bow and banner glancing,
On exulting Egypt came,

With her chosen horsemen prancing,
And her cars on wheels of flame,
In a rich and boastful ring
All around her furious king.
But the Lord from out his cloud,
The Lord looked down upon the proud;
And the host drove heavily

Down the deep bosom of the sea.
With a quick and sudden swell
Prone the liquid ramparts fell;
Over horse, and over car,
Over every man of war,
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold,
The loud thundering billows rolled.
As the level waters spread
Down they sunk, they sunk like ead,
Down without a cry or groan.
And the morning sun that shone

On myriads of bright-armed men, Its meridian radiance then Cast on a wide sea, heaving, as of vore. Agains: a silent, solitary shore. Then did Israel's maidens sing. Then did Israel's timbrels ring, To him, the King of Kings! that in the sea, The Lord of Lords! had triumphed gloriously. And our timbrels' flashing chords, King of Kings! and Lord of Lords! Shall they not attuned be Once again to victory? Lo! a glorious triumph now; Lo! against thy people come A mightier Pharaoh! wilt not thou Craze the chariot wheels of Rome? Will not like the Red Sea wave Thy stern anger overthrow? And from worse than bondage save, From sadder than Egyptian wo, Those whose silver cymbals glance, Those who lead the suppliant dance,

In this wide world the fondest and the best Are the most tried, most troubled, and distress'd. **Crabb.**

Thy race, the only race that sings "Lord of Lords! and King of Kings!"

HYMN OF NATURE.

BY PEABODY.

Gop of the earth's extended plain!
The dark green fields contented lie;
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the sky:
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep!

The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm

Hath summoned up their foreign bands;
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
Or hung, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calmed by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade!
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee;
But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To weave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air! When summer breezes sweetly flow, Or, gathering in their angry might, The fierce and wintry tempests blow; All-from the evening's plaintive sigh, That hardly lifts the drooping flower, To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry-Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky! How gloriously above us springs The tented dome of heavenly blue, Suspended on the rainbow's rings! Each brilliant star that sparkles through, Each gilded cloud, that wanders free In evening's purple radiance, gives The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above! Thy name is written clearly bright In the warm day's unvarying blaze, Or evening's golden shower of light. For every fire that fronts the sun, And every spark that walks alone Around the utmost verge of heaven, Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come. And nature's self to dust return;

Her crumbling altars must decay;
Her incense fires shall cease to burn;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow:
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

OH, THOU! BEFORE WHOSE RADIANT SHRINE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

OH, Thou! before whose radiant shrine
Entranced, adoring scraphs bend;
Eternal source of light divine!
Wilt Thou thy hallowed ear incline
And mortal prayer attend?
Yes, Father! yes, benignant Power!
Around Thee beams fair mercy's purest ray;
No awful terrors round Thee lower,
Save when, in judgment's dreaded hour,
Thou bidst creation tremble and obey!

Then, robed in darkness and in clouds,
That solemn veil thy glory shrouds;
Chaos and night thy dark pavilion form;
Thy spirit on the whirlwind rides,
Impels the unresisting tides,
Glares in the lightning, rushes in the storm!

POETRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

But Thou wilt meet the suppliant eye,
And Thou wilt mark the lowly sigh;
And Thou the holy tear wilt see
Which penitence devotes to Thee;
That sigh thy breezes waft to heaven,
That holy tear is grateful incense given;
Low, humble, sad, to Thee I bend;
Oh! listen from thy blest abode!
And though celestial hymns ascend,
Oh! deign a mortal's prayer attend,
My Father and my God!

Teach me if hope, if joy, be mine,
To bless Thy bounteous hand divine;
And still, with trembling homage, raise
The grateful pean of exalted praise!
When deep affliction wounds the soul,
Still let me own thy mild control;
Teach me, submissive and resigned,
To calm the tempest of the mind;
To lift the meek, adoring eye,
Suppress the tear and hush the sigh;
Gaze on one bright, unclouded star,
And hail "the day-spring" from afar,—
Bid angel-faith dispel surrounding gloom,
And soar, on cherub wing, beyond the tomb.

THE PRAYER OF NATURE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

FATHER of Light! great God of Heaven! Hearest thou the accents of despair? Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven? Can vice atone for crimes by prayer? Father of light, on thee I call! Thou seest my soul is dark within; Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall. Avert from me the death of sin. No shrine I seek to sects unknown: Oh point to me the path of truth! Thy dread omnipotence I own; Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth. Let bigots rear a gloomy fane, Let superstition hail the pile, Let priests, to spread their sable reign, With tales of mystic rites beguile. Shall man confine his Maker's sway To Gothic domes of mouldering stone? Thy temple is the face of day: Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne. Shall man condemn his race to hell Unless they bend in pompous form: Tell us that all, for one who fell, Must perish in the mingling storm?

Shall each pretend to reach the skies, Yet doom his brother to expire, Whose soul a different hope supplies, Or doctrines less severe inspire? Shall these, by creeds they can't expound, Prepare a fancied bliss or wo? Shall reptiles, grovelling on the ground, Their great Creator's purpose know? Shall those, who live for self alone, Whose years float on in daily crime-Shall they by Faith for guilt atone, And live beyond the bounds of time? Father! no prophet's laws I seek-Thy laws in Nature's works appear:-I own myself corrupt and weak, Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear! Thou, who canst guide the wandering star Through trackless realms of ether's space! Who calmst the elemental war, Whose hand from pole to pole I trace: Thou, who in wisdom placed me here, Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence, Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere, Extend to me the wide defence. To thee, my God, to thee I call, Whatever weal or we betide, By thy command I rise or fall. In thy protection I confide. If. when this dust to dust restored, My soul shall float on airy wing,

ADORATION.

How shall thy glorious name adored
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!
But, if this fleeting spirit share
With clay the grave's eternal bed,
While life yet throbs I raise my prayer,
Though doomed no more to quit the dead.
To thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all thy mercies past,
And hope, my God, to thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

MORNING HYMN.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!" The Eternal spoke,
And from the abyss where darkness rode
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flow'd.
The glad earth smiled to see the day,
The first-born day, come blushing in;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouch'd by sin.

"Let there be light!" O'er heaven and earth,
The God who first the day-beam pour'd,
Utter'd again his fiat forth,
And shed the gospel's light abroad,

And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall;
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise,
In lowly cot and lordly hall.

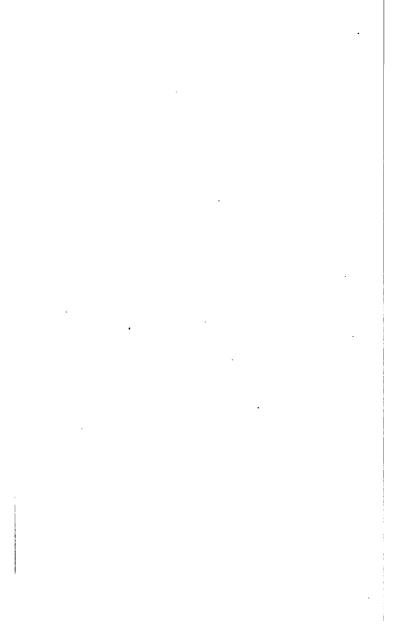
Then come, when in the orient first
Flushes the signal-light for prayer;
Come with the earliest beams that burst
From God's bright throne of glory there.
Come kneel to him who through the night
Hath watch'd above thy sleeping soul,
To Him whose mercies, like his light,
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

CONTENT.

Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring over his mind, beyond the power of kings
The purchase.

Themson

(125)



Content

MY MINDE TO ME A KINGDOME IS.

FROM PERCY'S RELIQUES.

My minde to me a kingdome is; Such perfect joy therein I finde As farre exceeds all earthly blisse, That God or Nature hath assignde: Though much I want, that most would have, Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay; I seek no more than may suffice; I presse to beare no haughtie sway; Look what I lack my mind supplies. Loe! thus I triumph like a king, Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
And hastie clymbers soonest fall:
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toile, and keep with feare:
Such cares my mind could never beare.

(127)

No princely pomp, nor welthie store, No force to winne the victorie, No wylie wit to salve a sore, No shape to winne a lover's eye; To none of these I yeeld as thrall, For why my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave, I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poore, tho' much they have;
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,
I grudge not at another's gaine;
No worldly wave my mind can tosse,
I brooke that is another's bane:
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;
I weigh not Cresus' welth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I feare not fortune's fatall law:
My mind is such as may not move
For beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seeke for more.

I like the plain, I clime no hill; In greatest storms I sitte on shore, And laugh at them that toile in vaine To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;
I feigne not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to winne my will;
I wayte not at the mightie's gate;
I scorn no poore, I feare no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath;
Extreames are counted worst of all:
The golden meane betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall:
This is my choyce, for why, I finde
No welth is like a quiet minde.

My welth is health, and perfect ease;
My conscience clere my chiefe defence:
I never seek by brybes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

Contentment gives a crown, Where fortune hath deny'd it.

Thomas Ford.

I

THE QUIET MIND.

BY JOHN CLARE.

THOUGH low my lot, my wish is won,
My hopes are few and staid;
All I thought life would do, is done.
The last request is made:
If I have foes, no foes I fear;
To fate I live resign'd:
I have a friend I value here—
And that's a quiet mind.

I wish not it was mine to wear
Flushed honour's sunny crown:
I wish not I was fortune's heir,
She frowns, and let her frown:
I have no taste for pomp and strife,
Which others love to find:
I only wish the bliss of life—
A pure and quiet mind.

The trumpet's taunt in battle field,
The great man's pedigree—
What peace can all their honours yield,
And what are they to me?
Though praise and pomp, to me the strife
Rave like a mighty wind

What are they to the calm of life— A still and quiet mind?

I mourn not that my lot is low,
I wish no higher state;
I sigh not that fate made me so,
Nor tease her to be great:
I am content, for well I see,
What all at least shall find,
That life's worst lot the best shall be—
And that's a quiet mind.

I see the great pass heedless by,
And pride above me tower;
It costs me not a single sigh
For either wealth or power:
They are but men, and I'm a man
Of quite as great a kind,
Proud too, that life gives all she can
A calm and quiet mind.

I never mock'd at beauty's shrine,
To stain her lips with lies;
No knighthood's fame, or luck was mine,
To win love's richest prize:
And yet I found in russet weed,
What all wilt wish to find.
True love, and comfort's prize indeed
A glad and quiet mind.

POETRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

And come what will of care or wo,
As some must come to all,
I'll wish not that they were not so,
Nor mourn that they befall:
If tears for sorrows start at will,
They're comforts in their kind,
And I am blest, if with me still—
Remains a quiet mind.

When friends depart, as part they must.
And love's true joys decay,
That leave us like the summer's dust
The whirlwind puffs away;
While life's allotted time I brave,
Though left the last behind,
A prop and friend I still shall have,
If I've a quiet mind.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul;
'Tis then the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Duer.

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

BY EPES SARGENT.

The cold blast at the casement beats,
The window-panes are white,
The snow whirls through the empty streets—
It is a dreary night!
Sit down, old friend! the wine-cups wait;
Fill to o'erflowing! fill!
Though winter howleth at the gate,
In our hearts 'tis summer still!

For we full many summer joys
And greenwood sports have shared,
When, free and ever-roving boys,
The rocks, the streams we dared!
And, as I look upon thy face—
Back, back o'er years of ill,
My heart flies to that happy place,
Where it is summer still!

Yes, though, like sere leaves on the ground,
Our early hopes are strown,
And cherished flowers lie dead around,
And singing birds are flown,—
The verdure is not faded quite,
Not mute all tones that thrill;
For, seeing, hearing thee to-night,
In my heart 'tis summer still!

Fill up! the olden times come back!
With light and life once more
We scan the future's sunny track,
From youth's enchanted shore!
The lost return. Through fields of bloom
We wander at our will;
Gone is the winter's angry gloom—
In our heart' its summer still!

AMBITION.

BY RICHARD LOVELACE.

How uncertain is the state
Of that greatness we adore;
When ambitiously we soar,
And have ta'en the glorious height,
'Tis but ruin gilded o'er,
To enslave us to our fate;
Whose false delight is easier got than kept,
Content ne'er on its gaudy pillow slept.

Then how fondly do we try,
With such superstitious care,
To build fabrics in the air;
Or seek safety in that sky,
Where no stars but meteors are
That portend a ruin nigh:
And having reach'd the object of our aim,
We find it but a pyramid of flame.

CONTENT

133

CONTENTMENT.

BY L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THINK'ST thou the steed that restless roves
O'er rocks and mountains, fields and groves,
With wild, unbridled bound,
Finds fresher pasture than the bee,
On thymy bank or vernal tree,
Intent to store her industry
Within her waxen round?

Think'st thou the fountain forced to turn
Through marble vase or sculptured urn,
Affords a sweeter draught
Than that which, in its native sphere,
Perennial, undisturb'd and clear,
Flows, the lone traveller's thirst to cheer,
And wake his grateful thought?

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pomp and miser's gold,
Obtains a richer prize
Than he who, in his cot at rest,
Finds heavenly peace, a willing guest,
And bears the promise in his breast
Of treasure in the skies?

HAPPINESS OF THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

BY GILES AND PHINEAS FLETCHER.

THRICE, oh, thrice happy, shepherd's life and state!
When courts are happiness, unhappy pawns!
His cottage low and safely humble gate
Shut out proud Fortune, with her scorns and
fawns:

No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep: Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep; Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep. No Serian worms he knows, that with their threat Draw out their silken lives: nor silken pride: His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need. Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dyed: No empty hopes no courtly fears him fright: Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite: But sweet content exiles both misery and spite. Instead of music, and base flattering tongues. Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise: The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs. And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes: In country plays is all the strife he uses; Or sing, or dance unto the rural Muses: And but in music's sports all difference refuses. His certain life, that never can deceive him.

Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content:
The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive
him

With coolest shades, till noon-tide rage is spent: His life is neither toss'd in boist'rous seas Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease; Pleased, and full blest he lives, when he his God please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face:
Never his humble house nor state torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him;
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb,
content him.

THE RICHEST JEWELL.

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy, No chemic art can counterfeit; It makes men rich in greatest poverty, Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold, The homely whistle to sweet music's strain; Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent, That much in little—all in nought—Content.

HALBERT.

BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Sir, you do me wrong;
I boast no virtue when I claim content
With that which you have left me;—would not
change

My naked turret, in its mountain hold,
Reached by the path along whose rugged steeps
Discord and envy climb not, for the fields
Rich Inversry in its scornful groves
Embosoms; and to me the mouldering walls
Of its small chapel wear the glory yet
Of consecration which they took from prayers
Of the first teachers, through a thousand storms
Have drenched and shaken them. Forgive me, sir;
I have a patrimony which disdains
Envy of yours.

Most miserable

Is the desire that's glorious: blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.

Shakespear.

RURAL CONTENT.

BY THOMSON.

On knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life!
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud
gate,

Rach morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd ()f flatterers false, and in their turn abused? Vile intercourse! What though the glittering robe. (If every hue reflected light can give, ()r floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold, The pride and gaze of fools, oppress him not? What though, from utmost land and sea purveyed For him each rarer tributary life Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps With luxury and death? What though his bowl Flames not with costly juice, nor sunk in beds, Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night, Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state? What though he knows not those fantastic joys That still amuse the wanton, still deceive-A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain-Their hallow moments undelighted all? Sure peace is his; a solid life, estranged

To disappointment and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring
When heaven descends in showers, or bends the
bough

When summer reddens, and when Autumn beams. Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies Concealed, and fattens with the richest gap; These are not wanting; nor the milky drove, Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale; Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams. And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade, Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay: Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song, Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear. Here too dwells simple Truth; plain Innocence; Unsullied Beauty: sound unbroken Youth, Patient of labour, with a little pleased; Health ever blooming: unambitious Toil: Calm contemplation, and poetic Ease.

He fairly looking into life's account;
Saw frowns and favours were of like amount;
And viewing all—his perils, prospects, purse,
He said, "content—'tis well it is no worse."

Crabbe.

CONTENT.

" USES OF ADVERSITY."

BY SHAKESPEAR.

Now my co-mates, and brothers in exile, Hath not old custom made this life more sweet Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods More free from peril than the envious court? Here feel we but the penalty of Adam, The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang, And churlish chiding of the winter's wind, Which when it bites and blows upon my body, Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,-This is no flattery; these are counsellors That feelingly persuade me what I am. Sweet are the uses of adversity,-Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head; And this our life exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

He that commends me to mine own content, Commends me to the thing I cannot get. Sheakespear.

REFLECTIONS

ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.

BY COLERIDGE.

Low was our pretty cot! our tallest rose Peeped at the chamber-window. We could hear At silent noon, and eve, and early morn, The sea's faint murmur. In the open air Our mrytles blossomed; and across the porch Thick issmins twined: the little landscape round Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye. It was a spot, which you might aptly call The Valley of Seclusion! Once I saw (Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness) A wealthy son of commerce saunter by. Bristowa's citizen: methought, it calmed His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse With wiser feelings: for he paused, and looked With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around, Then eyed our cottage, and gazed round again, And sighed, and said, it was a blessed place. And we were blessed. Oft with patient ear Long listening to the viewless sky-lark's note (Viewless, or haply for a moment seen Gleaming on sunny wing,) "And such," I said, "The inobtrusive song of happinessUnearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hushed
And the heart listens!"

But the time, when first From that low dell steep up the stony mount I climbed with perilous toil and reached the top, O what a goodly scene! here the bleak mount, The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep; Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrowed, Now winding bright and full, with naked banks; And seats, and lawns, the abbey, and the wood, And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire:

The channel there, the islands and white sails, Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless

It seemed like Omnipresence! God, methought, Had built him there a temple: the whole world Seemed imaged in its vast circumference. No wish profaned my overwhelmed heart. Blest hour! it was a luxury—to be!

Ah, quiet dell! dear cot! and mount sublime, I was constrained to quit you. Was it right, While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled, That I should dream away the entrusted hours On rose-leaf beds, pamp'ring the coward heart With feelings all too delicate for use? Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth: And he, that works me good with unmoved face,

POETRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

Does it but half: he chills me while he aids. My benefactor, not my brother man! Yet even this, this cold beneficence Seizes my praise: when I reflect on those. The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe! Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched, Nursing in some delicious solitude Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies! I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand, Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ. Yet oft when after honourable toil Rests the tired mind, and waking loves to dream. My spirit shall revisit thee, dear cot! Thy jasmin and thy window-peeping rose. And myrtles fearless of the mild sea air. And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet abode! Ah-had none greater! and that all had such!

The mind's content
Sweetens all suff'rings of th' afflicted sense,
Those that are bred in labour think it sport,
Above the soft delight which wanton appetite
Begets for others, whom indulgent fortune
Prefers in her degrees, though equal nature
Made all alike.

Nall.

CONTENT

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GIVE ME A COTTAGE ON SOME CAMBRIAN WILD.

BY KIRKE WHITE.

GIVE me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where, far from cities, I may spend my days,
And, by the beauties of the scene beguiled,
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.
While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
List to the mountain torrent's distant noise,
Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
I shall not want the world's delusive joys;
But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more,
And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
I'll raise my pillar on the desert shore,

And lay me down to rest where the wild wave Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

Unfit for greatness, I her snares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye.
To others let the glitt'ring baubles fall,
Content shall place us far above them all.

Churchill.

K

A MINGLED SENTIMENT.

BY SCOTT.

WHEN, musing on companions gone. We doubly feel ourselves alone. Something, my friend, we yet may gain, There is a pleasure in this pain: It soothes the love of lonely rest. Deep in each gentler heart impressed. 'Tis silent amid worldly toils, And stifled soon by mental broils: But, in a bosom thus prepared. Its still small voice is often heard. Whispering a mingled sentiment, 'Twixt resignation and content. Oft in my mind such thoughts awake, By lone St. Mary's silent lake; Thou know'st it well,-nor fen, nor sedge, Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge; Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink At once upon the level brink; And just a trace of silver sand Marks where the water meets the land. Far in the mirror, bright and blue, Each hills huge outline you may view: Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare, Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,

Save where, of land, you slender line Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine. Yet even this nakedness has power, And aids the feeling of the hour: Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy, Where living thing concealed might lie: Nor point, retiring, hides a dell, Where swaim, or woodman lone, might dwell; There's nothing left to fancy's guess, You see that all is loneliness; And silence aids—though these steep hills Send to the lake a thousand rills: In summer tide, so soft they weep. The sound but lulls the ear asleep: Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude. So stilly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or ear But well I ween the dead are near; For though, in feudal strife, a foe Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low, Yet still, beneath the hallowed soil, The peasant rests him from his toil, And dying bids his bones be laid, Where erst his simple fathers prayed.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,
And fate had cut my ties to life,
Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to dwell,
And rear again the chaplain's cell,
Like that same peaceful hermitage,
Where Milton longed to spend his age,

'Twere sweet to mark the setting day. On Bourhope's lonely top decay: And, as it faint and feeble died. On the broad lake, and mountain's side, To say, "Thus pleasures fade away: Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay, And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey;" Then gaze on Dryhope's ruined tower. And think on Yarrow's faded Flower: And when that mountain-sound I heard. Which bids us be for storm prepared. The distant rustling of his wings, As up his force the Tempest brings, 'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave, To sit upon the Wizard's grave; That Wizard Priest's, whose bones are thrust From company of holy dust: On which no sun-beam ever shines-(So superstition's creed divines.) Thence view the lake, with sullen roar, Heave her broad billows to the shore: And mark the wild swans mount the gale. Spread wide through mist their snowy sail. And ever stoop again to lave Their bosoms on the surging wave: Then, when against the driving hail No longer might my plaid avail. Back to my lonely home retire. And light my lamp, and trim my fire:



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There ponder o'er some mystic lay,
Till the wild tale had all its sway,
And in the bittern's distant shriek,
I heard unearthly voices speak,
And thought the Wizard Priest was come,
To claim again his ancient home!
And bade my busy fancy range,
To frame him fitting shape and strange,
Till from the task my brow I cleared,
And smile to think that I had feared.
But chief, 'twere sweet to think such life,

But chief, 'twere sweet to think such life, (Though but escape from fortune's strife,) Something most matchless, good, and wise, A great and grateful sacrifice; And deem each hour, to musing given, A step upon the road to heaven.

Contentment, parent of delight, So much a stranger to our sight, Say, goddess, in what happy place, Mortals behold thy blooming face; Thy gracious auspices impart, And for thy temple choose my heart. They whom thou deignest to inspire, Thy science learn, to bound desire; By happy alchymy of mind, They turn to pleasure all they find.

Green.

CONTENT IS HAPPINESS.

BY HAVARD.

What art thou, Happiness, so sought by all, So greatly envied, yet so seldom found?
Of what strange nature is thy composition, When gold and grandeur sue to thee in vain? The prince who leads embattled thousands forth, And with a nod commands the universe, Knows not the language to make thee obey; Though he with armies strews the hostile plain, And hews out avenues of death, he still Loses his way to thee, because content Appears not on the road, to light them to thee.—Content and happiness are then the same; And they are seldom found, but in the bed Where unmolested innocence resides.

Cellars and granaries in vain we fill
With all the bounteous summer's store,
If the mind thirst and hunger still:
The poor rich man's emphatically poor.
Slaves to the things we too much prize,
We masters grow of all that we despise.
Comics

RETIREMENT.

BY BEATTIE.

When in the crimson cloud of even
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulged this tender theme:

"Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along, whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale:
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Wo retires to weep,
What time the wan Moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

"To you, ye waste, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew ambition's eye,
'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequestered bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivied shrine.

"How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!
Thy heavenly smile how win!
Thy smile, that smooths the brow of Care
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing?

"Oft let Remembrance soothe his mind With dreams of former days, When in the lap of Peace reclined, He framed his infant lay; When Fancy roved at large, nor Care Nor cold Distrust alarmed, Nor envy with malignant glare His simple youth hath harmed.

''Twas then, O Solitude! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah, why did Fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!—
O take the wanderer home.

"Thy shades, thy silence now be mine, Thy charms my only theme;

CONTENT.

My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine Waves o'er the gloomy stream; Whence the scared owl on pinions gray Breaks from the rustling boughs, And down the lone vale sails away To more profound repose.

- "O, while to thee the woodland pours
 Its wildly warbling song,
 And balmy from the bank of flowers
 The zephyr breathes along;
 Let no rude sound invade from far,
 No vagrant foot be nigh,
 No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
 Flash on the startled eye.
- "But if some pilgrim through the glade
 Thy hallowed bowers explore,
 O guard from harm his hoary head,
 And listen to his lore;
 For he of joys divine shall tell,
 That wean from earthly wo,
 And triumph o'er the mighty spell
 That chains his heart below.
- "For me no more the path invites
 Ambition loves to tread:
 No more I climb those toilsome heights,
 By guileful Hope misled;

Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain."

RURAL CONTENT.

BY HAMMOND.

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,

And view their fields, with waving plenty
crowned.

Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold, And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound.

While calmly poor I trifle life away, Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire, No wanton hope my quiet shall betray, But cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little shide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tompest howl in vain, And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast Or lulled to slumber by the beating rain, Secure and happy, sink at last to rest.

Or if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur as they glide away.

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop and gaze on Delia as I go!
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

Thus pleased at heart, and not with fancy's dream, In silent happiness I rest unknown; Content with what I am, not what I seem, I live for Delia and myself alone.

OF MYSELF.

BY COWLEY.

This only grant me, that my means may lie Too low for envy, for contempt too high. Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
The unknown are better than ill known—Rumour ean ope the grave.

Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends, Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Beoks should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep as undisturbed as death, the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield

Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he, that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point; this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit—in this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear.

Pope.



CONTRN

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE

AT AINSLEY HALL, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

BY WARTON.

BENEATH this stony roof reclined, I soothe, to peace my pensive mind; And while, to shade my lowly cave, Embowering elms their umbrage wave; And while the maple dish is mine, The beechen cup, unstained with wine: I scorn the gay licentious crowd, Nor heed the toys that deck the proud. Within my limits lone and still The blackbird pipes in artless trill; Fast by my couch, congenial guest, The wren has wove her mossy nest; From busy scenes, and brighter skies, To lurk with innocence, she flies; Here hopes in safe repose to dwell, Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell. At morn I take my customed round, To mark how buds you shrubby mound, And every opening primrose count, That trimly paints my blooming mount: Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude, That grace my gloomy solitude,

I teach in winding wreaths to stray Fantastic ivy's gadding spray. At eve within you studious nook, I ope my brass-embossed book Pourtraved with many a holy deed Of martyrs, crowned with heavenly meed: Then as my taper waxes dim. Chaunt, ere I sleep my measured hymn: And at the close, the gleams behold Of parting wings bedropt with gold. While such pure joys my bliss create, Who but would smile at guilty state? Who but would wish his holy lot In calm Oblivion's humble grot ? Who but would cast his pomp away. To take my staff, and amice gray: And to the world's tumultuous stage Prefer the blameless hermitage?

THE FIRE-SIDE.

BY COTTON.

DEAR Cloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain and wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wings she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursions o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comfort bring, If tutored right, they'll prove a spring Whence pleasures ever rise; We'll form their minds with studious care, To all that's manly, good, and fair, And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large indeed; But then, how little do we need, For Nature's calls are few! In this the art of living lies, To want no more than may suffice, And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content Whate'er kind Providence has sent, Nor aim beyond our power; For, if our stock be very small, 'Tis prudence to enjoy it all, Nor lose the present hour.

CONTENT.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given;
Dear Cloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat, Since winter-life is seldom sweet; But when our feast is o'er, Grateful from table we'll arise, Nor grudge our son, with envious eyes, The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go; In the checkered paths of joy and wo With cautious steps we'll tread; Quit its vain scenes without a tear, Without a trouble or a fear, And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend Shall through the gloomy vale attend And cheer our dying breath; Shall, when all other comforts cease, Like a kind angel whisper peace, And smooth the bed of death.

L

A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

BY WOTTEN.

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;—
Farewell, ye honoured rags, ye glorious bubbles;—
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold pure clay;
Honour the darling but of one short day.
Beauty, the eye's idol, but a damasked skin;
State but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds! Embroidered trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood allied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchased nor our own,
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and

Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth.

Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill:

I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke:

I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mine:

I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, while the ass goes free:

I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud:

1 would be poor, but know the humble grass Still trampled on by each unworthy ass: Rich hated: wise suspected: scorned if poor: Great feared: fair tempted: high still envied more:

I have wished all; but now, I wish for neither Great, high, rich, wise nor fair; poor I'll be

Welcome pure thoughts, welcome ye silent groves,
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly
loves:

Now the winged people of the sky shall sing My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring: A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass, In which I will adore sweet virtue's face. Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares, No broken yows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears: Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly, And learn t' affect a holy melancholy;

And if Contentment be a stranger then, I'll ne'er look for it but in Heaven again.

I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born, And range with humble livers in content, Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief, And wear a golden sorrow.

Shakespear.

SONNET.

BY DRUMMOND.

THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love:
Oh, how more sweet is birds harmonious moane,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's
throne.

Which good make doubtfull, dothe evill approve!
Oh, how more sweet is zephyre's wholesome breath.

And sighs embalmed, which new-born flowers unfold,

Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath! How sweet are streames to poyson drank in gold! The world'is full of horrors, troubles, slights; Woods' harmlesse shades have only true delights.

Much will always wanting be
To him who much desires. Thrice happy he
To whom the wise indulgency of heaven,
With sparing hand, but just enough has given
Couley.

A BACHELOR'S RETREAT.

BY GREEN.

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight, So much a stranger to our sight. Say, goddess, in what happy place Mortals behold thy blooming face; Thy gracious auspices impart, And for thy temple choose my heart. They whom thou deignest to inspire, Thy science learn to bound desire: By happy alchemy of mind They turn to pleasure all they find, They both disdain in outward mien The grave and solemn garb of spleen. And meretricious arts of dress, To feign a joy, and hide distress; Unmoved when the rude tempest blows, Without an opiate they repose; And, covered by your shield, defy The whizzing shafts, that round them fly: Nor meddling with the gods' affairs, Concern themselves with distant cares; But place their bliss in mental rest, And feast upon the good possessed. Forced by soft violence of prayer, The blithsome goddess soothes my care;

I feel the deity inspire, And thus she models my desire. Two hundred pounds half yearly paid. Annuity securely made, A farm some twenty miles from town, Small, tight, salubrious, and my own: Two maids, that never saw the town, A serving man, not quite a clown: A boy to help to tread the mow. And drive, while t'other holds the plough: A chief, of temper formed to please, Fit to converse, and keep the keys; And better to preserve the peace. Commissioned by the name of niece; With understandings of a size To think their master very wise. May Heaven (it's all I wish for) send One genial room to treat a friend, Were decent cupboard, little plate, Display benevolence, not state. And may my humble dwelling stand Upon some chosen spot of land: A pond before full to the brim. Where cows may cool, and geese may swim: Behind, a green like velvet neat, Soft to the eye, and to the feet; Where odorous plants in evening fair Breathe all around embrosial air: From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground, Fenced by a slope with bushes crowned,

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Fit dwelling for the feathered throng. Who pay their quit-rents with a song: With opening views of hill and dale. Which sense and fancy too regale. Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds. Like amphitheatre surrounds: And woods impervious to the breeze. Thick phalanx of embodied trees, From hills through plains in dusk array Extended far, repel the day. Here stillness, height, and solemn shade Invite, and contemplation aid: Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate The dark decrees and will of Fate, And dreams beneath the spreading beech Inspire, and docile fancy teach; While soft as breezy breath of wind Impulses rustle through the mind. Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray. While Pan melodious pipes away, In measured motion frisk about. Till old Silenus puts them out. There see the clover, pea, and bean, Vie in variety of green; Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep. Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep. Plump Ceres golden tresses wear, And poppy top-knots deck her hair. And silver streams through meadows stray. And Naïads on the margin play,

And lesser nymphs on side of hills From plaything urns pour down the rills. Thus sheltered, free from care and strife, May I enjoy a calm through life; See faction, safe in low degree, As men at land see storm at sea, And laugh at miserable elves Not kind, so much as to themselves, Cursed with such souls of base alloy, As can possess, but not enjoy; Debarred the pleasure to impart By avarice, sphincter of the heart, Who wealth, hard-earned by guilty carea, Bequeath untouched to thankless heirs. May I, with look ungloomed by guile, And wearing Virtue's livery-smile, Prone the distressed to relieve. And little trespasses forgive, With income not in fortune's power And skill to make a busy hour, With trips to town life to amuse, To purchase books, and hear the news, To see old friends, brush off the clown, And quicken taste at coming down. Unburt by sickness' blasting rage. And slowly mellowing in age, When Fate extends its gathering gripe, Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe, Quit a worn being without pain. Perhaps to blossom soon again.

SONNET.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

METHINES how dainty sweet it were, reclined Beneath the vast out-spreading branches high Of some old wood, in careless sort to lie, Nor of the busier scenes we left behind Aught envying. And, O Anna! mild-eved maid! Beloved! I were well content to play With thy free tresses all a summer's day. Losing the time beneath the greenwood shade Or we might sit and tell some tender tale Of faithful yows repaid by cruel scorn, A tale of true love, or of friend forgot; And I would teach thee, lady, how to rail In gentle sort, on those who practise not Or love or pity, though of woman born.

As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay. There in the ruin, heedless of the dead. The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed: And wondering man could want a larger pile. Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile. Goldsmith.

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A WISH.

BY ROGERS.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

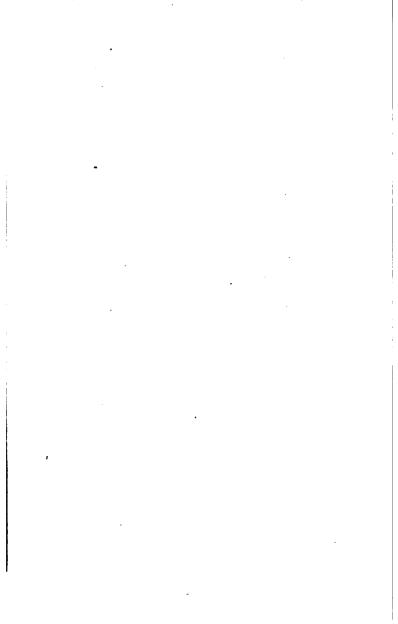
The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch, Shall twitter from her clay-built nest; Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch, And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees, Where first our marriage-vows were given, With merry peals shall swell the breeze, And point with taper-spire to heaven.

Her poverty was glad; her heart content, Nor knew she what the spleen or vapour meant. Dryden.







He's truly valuant that can suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outsides; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

Estat

Shakupeare

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COURAGE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

COURAGE!—Nothing can withstand Long a wronged, undaunted land; If the hearts within her be
True unto themselves and thee,
Thou freed giant, Liberty!
Oh! no mountain-nymph art thou,
When the helm is on thy brow,
And the sword is in thy hand,
Fighting for thy own good land!

Courage!—Nothing e'er withstood Freemen fighting for their good; Armed with all their father's fame, They will win and wear a name, That shall go to endless glory, Like the Gods of old Greek story, Raised to heaven and heavenly worth, For the good they gave to earth.

Courage!—There is none so poor, (None of all who wrong endure),

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None so humble, none so weak, But may flush his father's cheek; And his maiden's dear and true, With the deeds that he may do. Be his days as dark as night, He may make himself a light. What though sunken be the sun! There are stars when day is done!

Courage!—Who will be a slave,
That have strength to dig a grave,
And therein his fetters hide,
And lay a tyrant by his side?
Courage!—Hope, howe'er he fly
For a time, can never die!
Courage, therefore, brother men!
Cry "God! and to the fight again!"

But he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.

Milton

The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor overpower'd with arms, deserts his cause
Unsham'd, though foil'd he does the best he can,
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.

Dryden.

REDMOND, IN ROKEBY HALL.

BY SCOTT.

WILTEID has fallen-but o'er him stood Young Redmond, soiled with smoke and blood. Cheering his mates, with heart and hand Still to make good their desperate stand. "Up, comrades, up! in Rokeby halls Ne'er be it said our courage falls.-What faint ye for their savage cry, Or do the smoke-wreaths daunt your eve These rafters have returned a shout As loud at Rokeby's wassail rout; As thick a smoke these hearths have given At Hallowtide or Christmas even. Stand to it yet! renew the fight, For Rokeby and Matilda's right! These slaves! they dare not, hand to hand, Bide buffet from a true man's brand.

You must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime.

Shakespeare.

ARDENT COURAGE.

BY BYRON.

I DETEST

That waiting; though it seems so safe to fight Behind high walls, and hurl down foes into Deep fosses, or behold them sprawl on spikes Strewed to receive them, still I like it not—My soul seems lukewarm; but when I set on them Though they were piled on mountains, I would have

A pluck at them, or perish in hot blood! Let me then charge!

COURAGE ENSURES SUCCESS.

BY DRYDEN.

No, there is a necessity in fate,
Why still the brave bold man is fortunate;
He keeps his object ever full in sight,
And that assurance holds him firm and right;
True, 'tis a narrow way that leads to bliss,
But right before there is no precipice;
Fear makes men look aside, and so their footing
miss.

HOTSPUR'S IMPATIENCE FOR BATTLE.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

LET them come;
They come like sacrifices in their turn,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse,
Which is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and no'er part, till one drop down a corse.

What, though the field be lost, All is not lost; th' ungovernable will, And study of revenge, immortal hate, And courage never to submit or yield, And what is else not to be overcome; That glory never shall his wrath or might Extort from me.

Milton .

M

FITZ-JAMES IN THE PASS OF THE TROSACHS.

BY SCOTT.

"HAVE, then, thy wish!"-he whistled shrill. And he was answered from the hill; Wild as the scream of the curlew. From crag to crag the signal flew. Instant, through copse and heath, arose Bonnets and spears and bended bows: On right, on left, above, below, Sprung up at once the lurking foe; From shingles gray their lances start. The bracken bush sends forth the dart. The rushes and the willow-wand Are bristling into axe and brand. And every tuft of broom gives life To plaided warrior armed for strife. That whistle garrisoned the glen At once with full five hundred men. As if the yawning hill to heaven A subterranean host had given. Watching their leader's beck and will, All silent there they stood and still. Like the loose crags whose threatening mass Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass.

COURAGE

As if an infant's touch could urge Their headlong passage down the verge; With step and weapon forward flung, Upon the mountain side they hung. The mountaineer cast glance of pride Along Benledi's living side. Then fixed his eye and sable brow Full on Fitz-James-" How say'st thou now. These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true: And, Saxon,-I am Roderick Dhu!"-Fitz-James was brave: - Though to his heart The life-blood thrilled with sudden start, He manned himself with dauntless air, Returned the Chief his haughty stare, His back against a rock he bore, And firmly placed his foot before:-"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly From its firm base as soon as I."-Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes Respect was mingled with surprise, And the stern joy which warriors feel In foemen worthy of their steel. Short space he stood—then waved his hand Down sunk the disappearing band ; Each warrior vanished where he stood. In broom or bracken, heath or wood; Sunk brand and spear and bended bow, In osiers pale and copses low; It seemed as if their mother Earth Had swallowed up her warlike birth.

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The wind's last breath had tossed in air. Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,-The next but swept a lone hill side Where heath and fern were waving wide: The sun's last glance was glinted, back, From spear and glaive, from targe and jack, The next, all unreflected, shone On bracken green, and cold gray stone. Fitz-James looked round-yet scarce believed The witness that his sight received: Such apparition well might seem Delusion of a dreadful dream. Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed And to his look the Chief replied. "Fear nought-nay, that I need not say But-doubt not aught from mine array. Thou art my guest ;-I pledged my word As far as Coilantogle ford: Nor would I call a clans-man's brand For aid against one valiant hand. Though on our strife lay every vale Rent by the Saxon from the Gael. So move we on ;-I only meant To show the reed on which you leant, Deeming this path you might pursue Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."-They moved:—I said Fitz-James was brave. As ever knight that belted glaive; Yet dare not say, that now his blood Kept on its wont and tempered flood,

COURAGE.

As, following Roderick's stride, he drew That seeming lonesome path-way through. Which yet by fearful proof, was rife With lances, that to take his life Waited but signal from a guide. So late dishonoured and defied. Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round The vanished guardians of the ground, And still from copse and heather deep. Fancy saw spear and broad-sword peep, And in the plover's shrilly strain, The signal whistle heard again. Nor breathed he free till far behind The pass was left; for then they wind Along a wide and level green. Where neither tree nor tuft was seen. Nor rush nor bush of broom was near. To hide a bonnet or a spear.

DEATH FEARED BECAUSE UNKNOWN.

BY DRYDEN.

'Tis but because the living death ne'er knew, They fear to prove it as a thing that's new: Let me the experiment before you try, I'll show you first how easy 'tis to die.

COURAGE IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake, Lest thou a feverish life shouldst entertain, And six or seven winters more respect Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die? The sense of death is most in apprehension; And the poor beetle that we tread upon, In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great As when a giant dies.

Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood;
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too
much.

Whiles, in his moan, the ship slips on the rock, Which industry and courage might have sav'd? Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!

Shakespeare.

COURAGE IN EXTREMITY.

BY SCOTT.

My soul hath felt a secret weight,
A warning of approaching fate.
A priest had said, Return, repent!
As well to bid that rock be rent.
Firm as that flint I face mine end;
My heart may burst, but cannot bend.

The dawning of my youth, with awe And prophecy, the Dalesmen saw; For over Redesdale it came, As bodeful as the beacon flame. Edmund, thy years were scarcely mine, When, challenging the class of Tyne To bring their best my brand to prove, O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove; But Tynedale nor in tower nor town, Held champion meet to take it down. My noontide India may declare; Like her fierce Sun, I fired the air! Like him, to wood and cave bade fly Her natives, from mine angry eye. Panama's maids shall long look pale When Risingham inspires the tale; Chili's dark matrons long shall tame The froward child with Bertram's name. And now my race of terror run,
Mine be the eve of tropic sun!
No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay;
With disc like battle target red,
He rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once—and all is night.

BASIL'S ADDRESS TO HIS MUTINOUS TROOPS.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

SOLDIERS! we've fought together in the field,
And bravely fought: i' the face of horrid death,
At honours call, I've led you dauntless on:
Nor do I know the man of all your bands,
That ever poorly from the trial shrunk,
Or yielded to the foes contended space.
Am I the meanest then of all my troops,
That thus ye think, with base unmanly threats,
To move me now? Put up those paltry weapons;
They edgeless are to him who fears them not:
Rocks have been shaken from the solid base;
But what shall move a firm and dauntless mind?

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

BY SCOTT.

COUNT HABOLD gazed upon the oak
As if his eye-strings would have broke,
And then resolvedly said,—
"Be what it will yon phantom gray—
Nor heaven, nor hell, shall ever say
That for their shadows from his way
Count Harold turned dismayed:
I'll speak him, though his accents fill
My heart with that unwonted thrill—
Which vulgar minds call fear.
I will subdue it!"—Forth he strode,
Paused where the blighted oak-tree showed
Its sable shadow on the road,
And folding on his bosom broad
His arms, said, "Speak—I hear."

I dare assure thee, that no enemy Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The Gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus,—like himself.

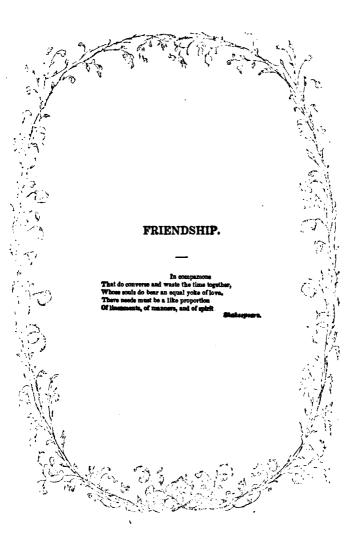
Shakespeare.

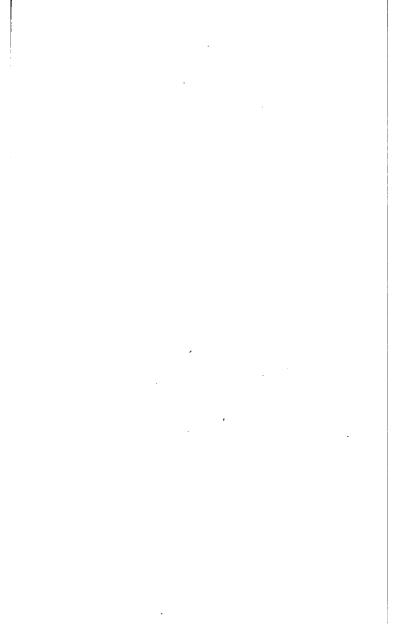
IF THOU HAST LOST A FRIEND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

In thou hast lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go,—call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.
Remind him of those happy days,
Too beautiful to last;
Ask, if a word should cancel years
Of truth and friendship past?
Oh! if thou'st lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go,—call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.

Oh! tell him, from thy thought
The light of joy hath fled;
That, in thy sad and silent breast,
Thy lonely heart seems dead;
That mount and vale,—each path ye trod,
By morn or evening dim,—
Reproach you with their frowning gaze,
And ask your soul for him.
Then, if thou'st lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go,—call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.





Friendship.

THE FRIENDSHIP FLOWER.

BY MILNES.

When first the Friendship-flower is planted
Within the garden of your soul,
Little of care or thought are wanted
To guard its beauty fresh and whole;
But when the one empassion'd age
Has full reveal'd the magic bloom,
A wise and holy tutelage
Alone can shun the open tomb.

It is not absence you should dread,—
For absence is the very air
In which, if sound at root, the head
Shall wave most wonderful and fair;
With sympathies of joy and sorrow
Fed, as with morn and even dews,
Ideal colouring it may borrow
Richer than ever earthly hues.

But oft the plant, whose leaves unsere Refresh the desert, hardly brooks

(1891

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The common-peopled atmosphere
Of daily thoughts, and words, and looks;
It trembles at the brushing wings
Of many a careless fashion-fly,
And strange suspicions aim their stings
To taint it as they wanton by.

Rare is the heart to bear a flower,
That must not wholly fall and fade,
Where alien feelings, hour by hour,
Spring up, beset, and overshade;
Better, a child of care and toil,
To glorify some needy spot,
Than in a glad redundant soil
To pine neglected and forgot.

Yet when, at last, by human slight,
Or close of their permitted day,
From the sweet world of life and light
Such find creations lapse away,—
Bury the relics that retain
Sick odours of departed pride,—
Hoard as ye will your memory's gain,
But let them perish where they died.

Acquaintance I would have, but when t' depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Complex.



FRIENDSHIP

ON FRIENDSHIP.

BY COWPER.

What virtue, or what mental grace,
But men unqualified and base
Will boast it their possession?
Profusion apes the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
And dulness of discretion.

If every polished gem we find,
Illuminating heart or mind,
Provoke to imitation;
No wonder friendship does the same
That jewel of the purest flame,
Or rather constellation.

No knave but boldly will pretend
The requisites that form a friend,
A real and a sound one;
Nor any fool, he would deceive,
But prove as ready to believe,
And dream that he had found one.

Candid, and generous, and just,
Boys care but little whom they trust,—
An error soon corrected,—

For who but learns in riper years, That man, when smoothest he appears, Is most to be suspected?

But here again a danger lies, Lest, having misapplied our eyes, And taken trash for treasure. We should unwarily conclude Friendship a false ideal good, A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition rather rare
Is yet no subject of despair;
Nor is it wise complaining,
If either on forbidden ground,
Or where it was not to be found,
We sought without attaining.

No friendship will abide the test, That stands on sordid interest, Or mean self love erected; Nor such as may awhile subsist Between the sot and sensualizt, For vicious ends connected.

Who seeks a friend should come disposed. To exhibit in full bloom disclosed
The graces and the beauties,
That form the character he seeks,
For 'tis a union, that bespeaks
Reciprocated duties.

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Mutual attention is implied,
And equal truth on either side,
And constantly supported;
'Tis senseless arrogance to accuse
Another of sinister views,
Our own as much distorted.

But will sincerity suffice?
It is indeed above all price,
It must be made the basis;
But every virtue of the soul
Must constitute the charming whole,—
All shining in their places.

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
By ceaseless sharp corrosion;
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys disperse
At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite
In hopes of permanent delight—
The secret just committed,
Forgetting its important weight,
They drop through mere desire to prate,
And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems, All thoughts of friendship are but dreams, N

PORTRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

If envy chance to creep in;
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dangerous foe indeed,
But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possessed. So jealousy looks forth distressed On good, that seems approaching; And, if success his steps attend, Discerns a rival in a friend, And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illustrious name, Unless belied by common fame, Are sadly prone to quarrel, To deem the wit a friend displays A tax upon their own just praise, And pluck each other's laurel.

A man renowned for repartee
Will seldom scruple to make free
With friendship's finest feeling,
Will thrust a dagger at your breast.
And say he wounded you in jest,
By way of balm for healing.

Whoever keeps an open ear
For tattlers will be sure to hear
The trumpet of contention:

Aspersion is the babbler's trade, To listen is to lend him aid, And rush into dissension.

A friendship, that in frequent fits
Of controversial rage emits
The sparks of disputation,
Like hand-in-hand insurance plates,
Most unavoidably creates
The thought of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boast a soul
True as the needle to the pole,
Their humour yet so varies—
They manifest their whole life through
The needle's deviations too,
Their love is so precarious.

The great and small but rarely meet
On terms of amity complete;
Plebeians must surrender
And yield so much to noble folk,
It is combining fire with smoke,
Obscurity with splendour.

Some are so palcid and serene
(As Irish bogs are always green)
They sleep secure from waking;
And are indeed a bog, that bears
Your unparticipated cares
Unmoved and without quaking.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
Their heterogeneous politics
Without an effervescence,
Like that of salts with lemon-juice,
With does not yet like that produce
A friendly coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,
And make a calm of human life;
But friends that chance to differ
On points which God has left at large,
How freely will they meet and charge
No combatants are stiffer.

To prove at last my main intent
Needs no expense of argument,
No cutting and contriving—
Seeking a real friend we seem
To adopt the chymist's golden dream,
With still less hope of thriving.

As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defined,
First fixes our attention;
Sometimes occasion brings to light
Our friend's defect long hid from sight,
And even from suspicion.

Then judge yourself, and prove your man As circumspectly as you can, And, having made election,

FRIENDSHIP

Beware no negligence of yours, Such as a friend but ill endures, Enfeeble his affection.

That secrets are a sacred trust,
That friends should be sincere and just,
That constancy befits them,
And observations on the case,
That savour much of common-place,
And all the world admits them.

But 'tis not timber, lead, and stone, An architect requires alone, To finish a fine building— The palace were but half complete, If he would possibly forget The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,
To pardon or to bear it.

Sometimes the fault is all our own,
Some blemish in due time made known
By trespass or omission;
So manners decent and polite,
The same we practised at first sight,
Must save it from declension.

Some act upon this prudent plan,
"Say little, and hear all you can:"
Safe policy, but hateful—
So barren sands imbibe the shower,
But render neither fruit nor flower,—
Unpleasant and ungrateful.

The man I trust, if shy to me, Shall find me as reserved as he; No subterfuge or pleading Shall win my confidence again; I will by no means entertain A spy on my proceeding.

These samples—for alas! at last
These are but samples, and a taste
Of evils yet unmentioned—
May prove the task a task indeed,
In which 'tis much if we succeed,
However well-intentioned.

Pursue the search and you will find
Good sense and knowledge of mankind
To be at least expedient;
And, after summing all the rest,
Religion ruling in the breast
A principle ingredient.

The noblest Friendship ever shown
The Saviour's history makes known,
Thoug's some have turned and turned it;

And, whether being crazed or blind, Or seeking with a biassed mind, Have not, it seems, discerned it.

O! Friendship, if my soul forego
Thy dear delights while here below;
To mortify and grieve me,
May I myself at last appear
Unworthy, base, and insincere,
Or may my friend deceive me!

THE KIND OLD FRIENDLY FEELINGS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THE kind old friendly feelings!—
We have their spirit yet,
Though years and years have passed, old friend,
Since thou and I last met!
And something of gray Time's advance
Seems in thy fading eye,
Yet 'tis the same good honest glance
I loved in times gone by—
Ere the kind old friendly feelings
Had ever brought one sigh!
The warm old friendly feelings!
Ah, who need yet be told
No other links can bind the heart

Like those loved links of old! Thy hand I joyed in youth to clasp. The touch of age may show, Yet 'tis the same true hearty grasp I loved so long ago— Ere the last old friendly feelings Had taught one tear to flow! The kind old friendly feelings! Oh, seem they e'er less dear, Because some recollections May meet us with a tear? Though hopes we shared—the early beams Ambition showed our wav-Have fled, dear friend, like morning dreams Before Truth's searching rav-Still we've kept the kind old feelings That blessed our youthful day!

THE BLESSINGS OF FRIENDSHIP.

BY YOUNG.

Know's thou, Lorenzo! what a friend contains?
As bees mixed nectar draw from fragrant flowers,
So men from friendship wisdom and delight;
Twins tied by nature, if they part they die.
Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroach?

FRIENDSHIP.

Good sense will stagnate: thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopened to the sun.

Had thought been all, sweet speech, had been
denied;

Speech, thought's canal! speech, thought's criterion too!

Thought in the mine may come forth gold or dross: When coined in words we know its real worth. If sterling, store it for thy future use; 'T will buy the benefit! perhaps, renown. Thought, too, delivered is the more possessed: Teaching, we learn: and, giving, we retain The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot. Speech ventilates our intellectual fire: Speech burnishes our mental magazine; Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for use. What numbers, sheathed in erudition, lie. Plunged to the hilts in venerable tomes, And rusted in: who might have borne an edge. And played a sprightly beam, if born to speech : If born blessed heirs of half their mother's tongue! 'Tis thought's exchange; which, like th' alternate push

Of waves conflicting, broaks the learned scum, And defectates the student's standing pool. In contemplation is his proud resource? 'Tis poor, as proud, by converse unsustained. Rude thought runs wild in contemplation's field: Converse, the manége, breaks it to the bit Of due restraint; and emulation's sour Gives graceful energy, by rivals awed.
'Tis converse qualifies for solitude;
As exercise, for salutary rest.
By that untutored, contemplation raves;
And nature's fool by wisdom's is outdone.

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines, And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive, What is she, but the means of happiness? That unobtained, than folly more a fool. A melancholy fool, without her bells. Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives The precious end which makes our wisdom wise. Nature, in zeal for human amity. Denies or damps an undivided joy. Joy is an important; joy is an exchange; Joy flies monopolists: it calls for two; Rich fruit! Heaven planted! never plucked by one. Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give To social man true relish of himself. Full on ourselves, descending in a line. Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight: Delight intense is taken by rebound: Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

Celestial Happiness, whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven—the bosom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Beware the counterfeit: in passion's flame

Hearts melt: but melt like ice, soon harder froze. True love strikes root in reason; passion's foe: Virtue alone entenders us for life; I wrong her much—entenders us for ever. Of Friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair Is virtue kindling at a rival fire, And, emulously, rapid in her race. O the soft enmity! endearing strife! This carries friendship to her noontide point, And gives the rivet of eternity.

PERFECT FRIENDSHIP.

BY DRYDEN.

I MAD a friend that loved me;
I was his soul; he lived not but in me;
We were so close within each other's breast,
The rivets were not found that joined us first,
That doth not reach us yet: we were so mixed,
As meeting streams: both to ourselves were lost.
We were one mass,—we could not give or take.
But from the same; for he was I; I, he:
Return, my better half, and give me all myself,
For thou art all!
If I have any joy when thou art absent,
I grudge it to myself; methinks I rob
Thee of thy part.

PAST TIMES.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

OLD acquaintance, shall the nights
You and I once talked together,
Be forgot like common things—
Like some dreary night that brings
Naught, save foul weather?

We were young, when you and I
Talked of golden things together—
Of love and rhyme, of books and men;
Ah! our hearts were buoyant then
As the wild-goose feather!

Twenty years have fled, we know,
Bringing care and changing weather;
But hath the heart no backward flights,
That we again may see those nights,
And laugh together?

Jove's eagle, soaring to the sun,
Renews the past year's mouldering feather:
Ah, why not you and I, then, soar
From age to youth—and dream once more
Long nights together?

AN EPISTLE TO CHARLES LAMB.

ON HIS EMANCIPATION FROM CLERKSHIP.

(WRITTEN OVER A PLASK OF SHEERIS.)

DEAR LAMB. I drink to thee-to thee Married to sweet Liberty! What! old friend, and art thou freed From the bondage of the pen? Free from care and toil, indeed? Free to wander among men When and howsoe'er thou wilt? All thy drops of labor spilt On those huge and figured pages, Which will sleep unclasped for ages. Little knowing who did wield The guill that traversed their white neld ? Come-another mighty health! Thou hast earn'd thy sum of wealth-Countless ease—immortal leisure— Days and nights of boundless pleasure, Checker'd by no dream of pain, Such as hangs on clerk-like brain Like a nightmare, and doth press The happy soul from happiness.

Oh! happy thou—whose all of time (Day and eve, and morning prime)

Is fill'd with talk on pleasant themes-Or visions quaint, which come in dreams Such as panther'd Bacchus rules, When his rod is on "the schools." Mixing wisdom with their wine-Or, perhaps, thy wit so fine Strayeth in some elder book Whereon our modern Solons look. With severe ungifted eyes, Wondering what thou seest to prize. Happy thou, whose skill can take Pleasure at each turn, and slake Thy thirst by every fountain's brink, Where less wise men would pause to shrink: Sometimes 'mid stately avenues With Cowley thou, or Marvel's muse, Dost walk; or Gray, by Eton towers; Or Pope, in Hampton's chestnut bowers: Or Walton, by his loved Lea stream; Or dost thou with our Milton dream Of Eden and the Apocalypse, And hear the words from his great lips * Speak-in what grove or hazel shade, For "musing meditation made," Dost wander?-or on Penshurst lawn. Where Sidney's fame had time to dawn And die, ere vet the hate of Men Could envy at his perfect pen? Or, dost thou, in some London street (With voices fill'd and thronging feet)

FRIENDSHIP.

Loiter, with mien 'twixt grave and gay-Or take, along some pathway sweet, Thy calm suburbon way? Happy beyond that man of Ross, Whom mere content could ne'er engross, Art thou-with hope, health, "learned leisure," Friends, books, thy thoughts—an endless pleasure! -Yet-vet-(for when was pleasure made Sunshine all without a shade?) Thou, perhaps, as now thou rovest Through the busy scenes thou lovest, With an Idler's careless look, Turning some moth-pierced book, Feel'st a sharp and sudden wo For visions vanished long ago! And then, thou think'st how time has fled Over thy unsilvered head, Snatching many a fellow mind Away, and leaving—what ?—behind! Naught, alas! save joy and pain Mingled ever, like a strain Of music where the discords vie With the truer harmony. So, perhaps, with thee the vein Is sullied ever-so the chain Of habits and affections old, Like a weight of solid gold, Presseth on thy gentle breast, Till sorrow rob thee of thy rest.

POETRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

Aye: so't must be! E'en I (whose lot
The fairy Love so long forgot),
Seated beside this Sherris wine,
And near to books, and shapes divine,
Which poets and the painters past
Have wrought in lines that aye shall last—
E'en I, with Shakespeare's self beside me,
And one whose tender talk can guide me
Through fears, and pains, and troublous themes,
Whose smile doth fall upon my dreams
Like sunshine on a stormy sea—
Want something—when I think of thee!

FRIENDSHIP TILL DEATH.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

Hann in hand we have enjoyed
The playful term of infancy together;
And in the rougher path of ripened years
We've been each other's stay. Dark lowers our
fate.

And terrible the storm that gathers o'er us;
But nothing, till that latest agony
Which severs thee from nature, shall unloose
This fixed and sacred hold. In thy dark prison-house;

In the terrific face of armed law; Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be, I never will forsake thee.

FRIENDSHIP.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

WE have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chesnut trees
In infancy we play'd.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laugh'd at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip.
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together,
We have wept with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together—
Oh! what shall part us now?

OLD FRIENDS.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

How are they waned and faded from our hearts. The old companions of our early days! Of all the many loved, which name imparts Regret when blamed, or rapture at its praise? What are their several fates, by Heaven decreed. They of the jocund heart, and careless brow? Alas! we scarcely know and scarcely heed. Where, in this world of signs, they wander now. See, how with cold faint smile and courtly nod. They pass, whom wealth and revelry divide-Who walked together to the house of God, Read from one book, and rested side by side: No look of recognition lights the eve Which laughingly hath met that fellow face: With careless hands they greet and wander by, Who parted once with tears and long embrace. Oh, childhood! blessed time of hope and love, When all we knew was Nature's simple law, How may we yearn again that time to prove, When we looked round, and loved what'er we saw Now dark suspicion wakes, and love departs, And cold distrust its well-feigned smile displays: And they are waned and faded from our hearts, The old companions of our early days!



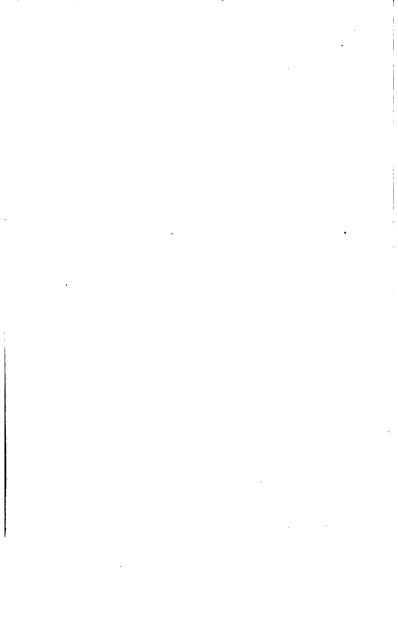
THE FRIENDS.

BY HAV. MRS. 1992

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THE OLD WATER MILL.



EARLY FRIENDS.

BY POLLOK.

Many sounds were sweet, Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear; But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend,-Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm. Some I remember, and will ne'er forget, My early friends, friends of my evil day; Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too: Friends given by God, in mercy and in love. My counsellors, my comforters, and guides; My joy in grief my second grief in joy; Companions of my young desires; in doubt My oracles; my wings in high pursuit. Oh, I remember, and will ne'er forget Our meeting-spots, our chosen sacred hours; Our burning words, that uttered all the soul; Our faces beaming with unearthly love; Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope Exulting, heart embracing heart entire. As birds of social feather, helping each His fellow's flight, we soared into the skies, And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and earth With all her tardy leaden-footed cares. And talked the speech, and ate the food of heaven.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS PROPOSING TO DOMESTICATE WITH THE AUTHOR.

BY COLERIDGE.

A MOUNT, not wearisome, and bare, and steep. But a green mountain variously up-piled, Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses creep, Or coloured lichens with slow oozing weep; Where cypress and the darker yew start wild; And, 'mid the summer torrent's gentle dash, Dance brightened the red clusters of the ash; Beneath whose boughs, by stillest sounds beguiled, Calm Pensiveness might muse herself to sleep; Till, haply started by some fleecy dam. That, rustling on the bushy cliff above. With melancholy bleat of anxious love, Made meek inquiry for her wandering lamb: Such a green mountain 'twere most sweet to climb. E'en while the bosom ached with loneliness-How heavenly sweet, if some dear friend should

Th' advent'rous toil, and up the path sublime Now lead, now follow; the glad landscape round, Wide and more wide, increasing without bound!

O, then 'twere loveliest sympathy, to mark The berries of the half up-rooted ash

FRIENDSHIP.

Dripping and bright; and list the torrent's dash-Beneath the cypress or the yew more dark, Seated at ease, on some smooth mossy rock; In social silence now, and now t' unlock The treasured heart; arm linked in friendly arm, Save if the one, his muse's witching charm Muttering brow-bent, at unwatched distance lag; Till, high o'er head, his beck'ning friend appears, And from the forehead of the topmost crag Shouts eagerly: for haply there uprears That shadowing pine its old romantic limbs. Which latest shall detain th' enamoured sight Seen from below, when eve the valley dims. Tinged vellow with the rich departing light: And haply, basined in some unsunned cleft. A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears, Sleeps sheltered there, scarce wrinkled by the gale! Together thus, the world's vain turmoil left, Stretched on the crag, and shadowed by the pine And bending o'er the clear delicious fount, Ah, dearest Charles! it were a lot divine To cheat our noons in moralizing mood, While west winds fanned our temples toil-bedewed:

Then downwards slope, oft pausing, from the mount.

To some low mansion in some woody dale, Where, smiling with blue eye, Domestic Bliss Gives this the husband's, that the brother's kiss!

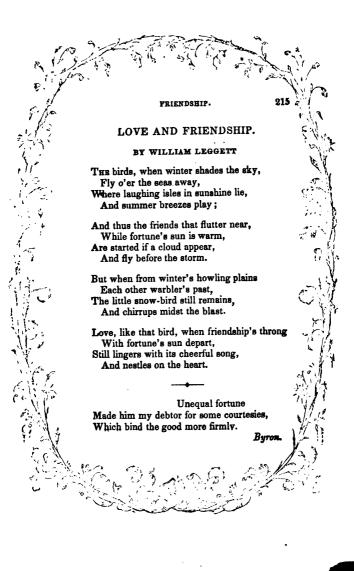
POETRY OF THE SENTIMENTS

Thus rudely versed in allegoric lore. The hill of knowledge I essayed to trace: That verd'rous hill with many a resting place. And many a stream, whose warbling waters pour To glad and fertilize the subject plains; That hill with secret springs, and nooks untrod, And many a fancy-blest and holy sod Where Inspiration, his diviner strains Low murmuring, lay: and starting from the rocks Stiff evergreens, whose spread foliage mocks Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of age, And mad oppression's thunder-clasping rage! O meek retiring Spirit! we will climb, Cheering and cheered, this lovely hill sublime; And from the stirring world uplifted high, (Whose noises faintly wafted on the wind To quiet musings shall attune the mind. And oft the melancholy theme supply.) There, while the prospect through the gazing eve Pours all its healthful greenness on the soul, We'll laugh at wealth, and learn to laugh at fame, Our hopes, our knowledge, and our joys the same.

As neighb'ring fountains image, each the whole.

Give him all kindness: I had rather have Such men my friends, than enemies.

Shakespeare.



LIFE'S SUNNY SPOTS.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

I will collect some rare, some cheerful friends, And we shall spend together glorious hours, That gods might envy. Little time so spent Doth far outvalue all our life beside. This is indeed our life, our waking life, The rest dull breathing sleep.—

Thus, it is true, from the sad years of life We sometimes do short hours, yea minutes strike, Keen, blissful, bright, never to be forgotten; Which, through the dreary gloom of time o'erpast.

Shine like fair sunny spots on a wild waste. But few they are, as few the heaven-fired souls Whose magic power creates them.

VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP.

BY SOUTHERN.

FRIENDSHIP is power and riches all to me; Friendship's another element of life: Water and fire not of more general use, To the support and comfort of the world. Than friendship to the being of my joy; I would do everything to serve a friend.

L'AMITIE EST L'AMOUR SANS LES AILES.

BY BYRON.

Why should my anxious breast repine,
Because my youth is fled?
Days of delight may still be mine;
Affection is not dead.
In tracing back the years of youth,
One firm record, one lasting truth
Celestial consolation brings;
Bear it, ye breezes, to the seat,
Where first my heart responsive beat,—
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Through few, but deeply chequered years, What moments have been mine!

Now half obscured by clouds of tears,
Now bright in rays divine;

Howe'er my future doom be cast,
My soul, enraptured with the past,
To one idea fondly clings;
Friendship! that thought is all thine own,
Worth worlds of bliss, that thought alone—
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Where yonder yew-trees lightly wave Their branches on the gale, 218

Unheeded heaves a simple grave,
Which tells the common tale;
Round this unconscious school-boys stray,
Till the dull knell of childish play
From yonder studious mansion rings;
But here whene'er my footsteps move,
My silent tears too plainly prove,
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Oh Love! before thy glowing shrine My early vows were paid;
My hopes, my dreams, my heart was thine, But these are now decayed;
For thine are pinions like the wind,
No trace of thee remains behind,
Except, alas! thy jealous stings.
Away, away! delusive power,
Thou shalt not haunt my coming hour
Unless, indeed, without thy wings.

Seat of my youth! thy distant spire
Recalls cach scene of joy;
My bosom glows with former fire,—
In mind again a boy.
Thy grove of clmes, thy verdant hill,
Thy every part delights me still,—
Each flower a double fragrance flings;
Again, as once, in converse gay,
Each dear associate seems to say,
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

FRIENDSHIP.

My Lycus! wherefore dost thou weep?
Thy falling tears restrain;
Affection for a time may sleep,
But, oh, 'twill wake again.
Think, think, my friend, when next we meet,
Our long-wished interview, how sweet!
From this my hope of rapture springs;
While youthful hearts thus fondly swell,
Absence, my friend, can only tell,
"Friendship is Love without his wings!

In one, and one alone deceived,
Did I my error mourn?
No—from oppressive bonds relieved,
I left the wretch to scorn.
I turned to those my childhood knew,
With feelings warm, with bosoms true,
Twined with my heart's according strings:
And till those vital chords shall break,
For none but these my breast shall wake
Friendship, the power deprived of wings!

Ye few, my soul, my life is yours,
My memory and my hope;
Your worth a lasting love ensures,
Unfettered in its scope;
From smooth deceit and terror sprung
With aspect fair and honeyed tongue,
Let Adulation wait on kings;

POETRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

With joy elate, by snares beset, We,—we, my friends, can ne'er forget, "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Fictions and dreams inspire the bard
Who rolls the epic song;
Friendship and Truth be my reward—
To me no bays belong;
If laurelled Fame but dwells with lies,
Me the enchantress ever flies,
Whose heart and not whose fancy sings;
Simple and young, I dare not feign;
Mine be the rude yet heartful strain,
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

In storms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair Face, but addeth fresh colours to a fast Friend, which neither heat, nor cold, nor mis'ry, Nor place, nor destiny, can alter or Diminish. O friendship! of all things the Most rare, and therefore most rare, because most Excellent; whose comforts in misery Are always sweet, and whose counsels in Prosperity are ever fortunate. Vain love! that only coming near to friendship In name, would seem to be the same, or better, In nature.

Lilly.

A REMINISCENCE OF EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

BY BLAIR.

FRIENDSHIP! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart,
Anxious to please. Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wandered heedless on.
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood
Sweet murmuring: methought the shrill-tongued
thrush

Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird Mellowed his pipe, and softened every note: The eglantine smelled sweeter, and the rose Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flower Vied with its fellow plant in luxury Of dress. Oh! then the longest summer's day Seemed too, too much in haste! still the full heart Had not imparted half; 'twas happiness Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed, Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

THE DYING GIAOUR.

BY BYRON.

In earlier days, and calmer hours. When heart with heart delights to blend, Where bloom my native valley's bowers I had-Ah! have I now !-- a friend! To him this ring I charge thee send. Memorial of a youthful yow: I would remind him of mine end: Though souls absorbed like mine allow Brief thought to distant friendship's claim Yet dear to him my blighted name. 'Tis strange—he prophesied my doom, And I have smiled-I then could smile-When Prudence would his voice assume. And warn-I recked not what-the while And now remembrance whispers o'er Those accents scarcely marked before. Say-that his bodings came to pass, And he will start to hear their truth. And wish his words had not been sooth: Tell him, unheeding as I was, Through many a bitter scene Of all our golden youth had been, In pain, my faltering tongue had tried To bless his memory ere I died;

But Heaven in wrath would turn away, If Guilt should for the guiltless pray. I do not ask him not to blame, Too gentle he to wound my name; And what have I to do with fame? I do not ask him not to mourn, Such cold request might sound like scorn; And what than friendship's manly tear May better grace a brothers bier? And bear this ring, his own of old, And tell him—what thou dost behold! The withered frame, the ruined mind,

The wrack by passion left behind, A shrivelled scroll, a scattered leaf, Seared by the Autumn blast of grief!

I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: Was that done like
Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, To lock such rascal counters from his friends, Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts, Dash him to pieces!

Shakespeare.

TO MRS. AGNES BAILLIE.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

DEAR Agnes, gleamed with joy and dashed with tears

O'er us have glided almost fifty years, Since we on Bothwell's bonny braes were seen, By those whose eyes long closed in death have been.

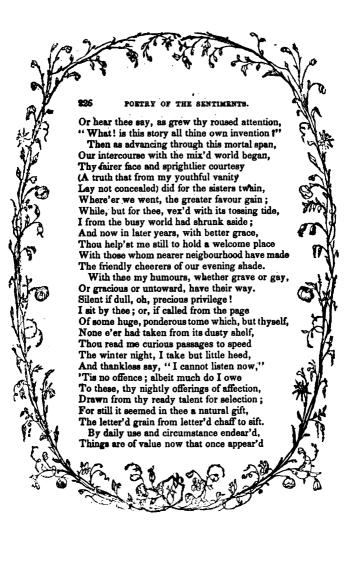
Two tiny imps, who scarcely stooped to gather The slender hare-bell or the purple heather; No taller than the fox-gloves spiky stem, That dew of morning studs with silvery gem. Then every butterfly that crossed our view With joyful shout was greeted as it flew, And moth and lady-bird and beetle bright In sheeny gold were each a wondrous sight. Then as we paddled barefoot, side by side, Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde, Minnows or spotted par with twinkling fin, Swimming in mazy rings the pool within, A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent Seen in the power of early wonderment.

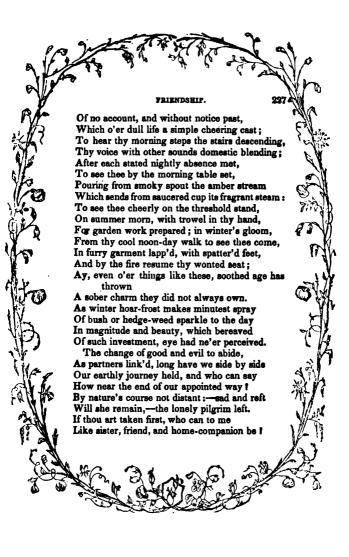
A long perspective in my mind appears,
Looking behind me to that line of years,
And yet through every stage I still can trace
Thy visioned form, from childhood's morning
grace



To woman's early bloom, changing how soon! To the expressive glow of woman's noon; And now to what thou art, in comely age, Active and ardent. Let what will engage Thy present moment, whether hopeful seeds In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore, In chronicle or legend rare explore, Or on the parlour hearth with kitten play, Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way To gain with hasty steps some cottage door, On helpful errand to the neighbouring poor Active and ardent—to my fancy's eye Thou still art young in spite of time gone by Though oft of patience brief and temper kees. Well may it please me in life's latter scene, To think what now thou art and long to me hast

'Twas thou who woo'd'st me first to look
Upon the page of printed book,
That thing by me abhorr'd, and with address
Didst win me from my thoughtless idleness,
When all too old become with bootless haste
In fitful sports the precious time to waste.
Thy love of tale and story was the stroke
At which my dormant fancy first awoke,
And ghosts and witches in my busy brain
Arose in sombre show, a motley train.
This new-found path attempting, proud was I,
Lurking approval on thy face to spy,





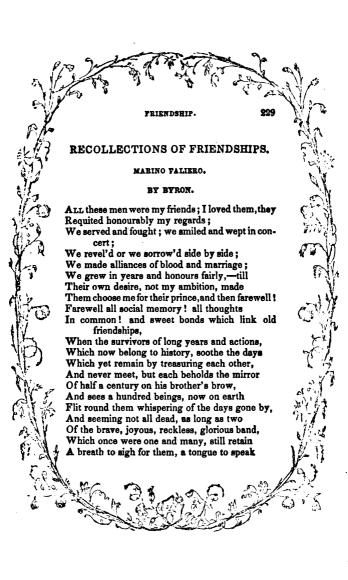
Or who, of wonted daily kindness shon.,
Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall mourn?
And if I should be fated first to leave
This earthly house, though gentle friends map
grieve.

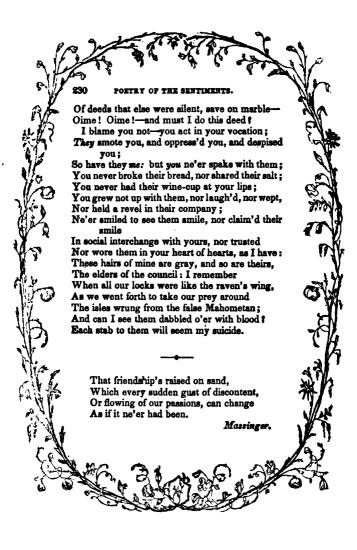
And he above them all, so truly proved
A friend and brother, long and justly loved,
There is no living wight, of woman born,
Who then shall mourn for me as thou wilt mourn

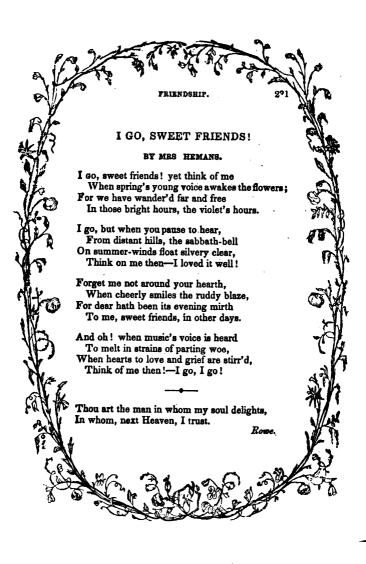
Thou ardent, liberal spirit! quickly feeling
The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing
With sorrow and distress, for ever sharing
The unhoarded mite, nor for to-morrow caringAccept, dear Agnes, on thy natal day,
An unadorned but not a careless lay,
Nor think this tribute to thy virtues paid
From tardy love proceeds, though long delay'd.
Words of affection, howsoe'er express'd,
The latest spoken still are deem'd the best:
Few are the measured rhymes I now may write
These are, perhaps, the last I shall indite.

The dearest friend to me, the kindest man, The best condition'd and unwearied spirit In doing courtesies; and one in whom The ancient Roman honour more appears, Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Shakspears





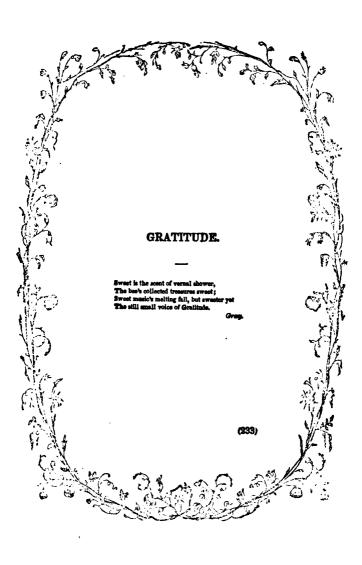


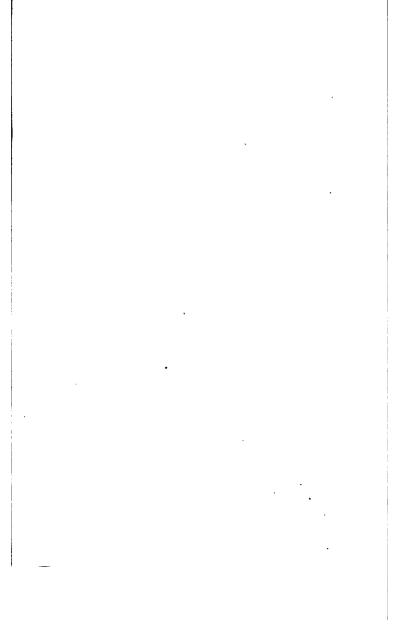
PORTRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

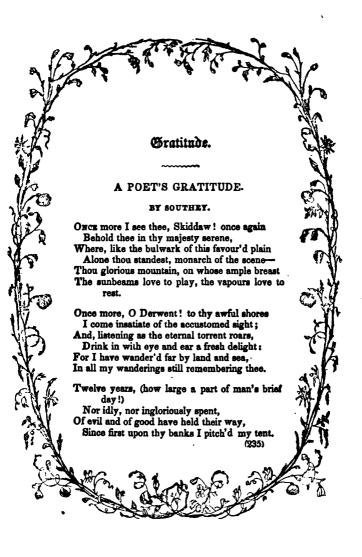
Is all the counsel that we two have shared. The sister's vows, the hours that we have spent, When we have chid the hasty-footed time For parting us-O, and is all forgot? All school-day's friendship, childhood innocence? We, Hermia, like two artificial gods, Have with our needles created both one flower, Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion, Both warbling of one song, both in one key: As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds Had been incorporate. So we grew together, Like to a double cherry, seeming parted, But yet a union in partition. Two lovely berries moulded on one stem: So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart, Shakepeare.

As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave:
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away: leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.

Shakspeare.







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PORTRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

Hither I came in manhood's active prime, And here my head hath felt the touch of time.

Heaven hath, with goodly increase, bless'd me here.

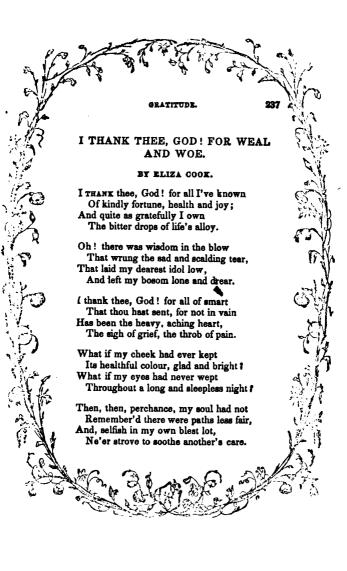
Where, childless and oppress'd with grief, I came; With voice of fervent thankfulness sincere Let me the blessings which are mine proclaim: Here I possess,—what more should I require? Books, children, leisure,—all my heart's desire.

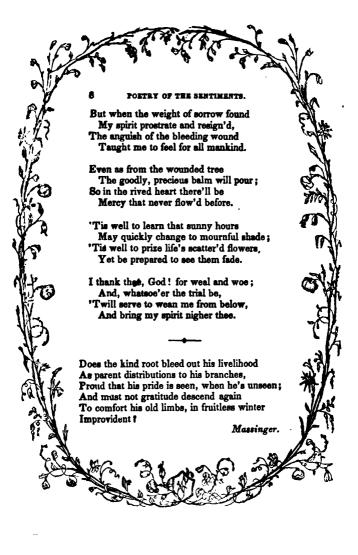
ZAMOR.

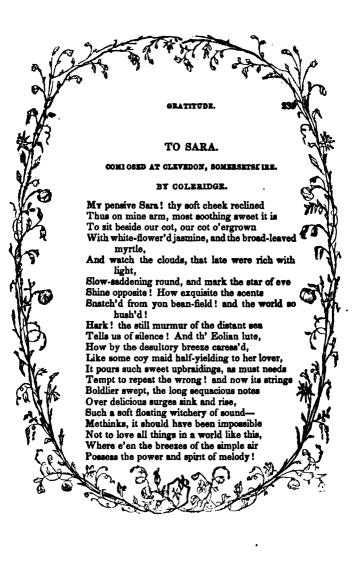
BY MRS. HEMANS.

By the fame

Of my brave sire, whose deeds the warrior tribes Tell round the desert's watch-fire, at the hour Of silence, and of coolness, and of stars, I will not leave thee! 'Twas in such an hour, The dreams of rest were on me, and I lay Shrouded in slumber's mantle, as within The chambers of the dead. Who saved me then, When the pard, soundless as the midnight, stole Soft on the sleeper? Whose keen dart transfixed The monarch of the solitudes? I woke And saw thy javelin crimson'd with his blood, Thou, my deliverer! and my heart e'en then Call'd thee its brother.







40 Poetry of the sentiment

And thus, my love! as on the midway slope Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon, Whilst thro' my half-closed eyelids I behold The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main, And tranquil muse upon tranquillity: Full many a thought uncall'd and undetain'd. And many idle flitting phantasies, Traverse my indolent and passive brain, As wild and various as the random gales That swell or flutter on this subject lute! And what if all of animated nature Be but organic harps diversely framed, That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps. Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze. At once the soul of each, and God of all ?. But thy more serious eve a mild reproof Darts, O beloved woman! nor such thoughts Dim and unhallowed dost thou not reject, And biddest me walk humbly with my God. Meek daughter in the family of Christ. Well hast thou said and holily dispraised These shapings of the unregenerate mind, Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break On vain philosophy's ave-babbling spring. For never guiltless may I speak of Him, Th' Incomprehensible! save when with awe I praise him, and with faith that inly feels; Who with his saving mercies healed me. A sinful and most miserable man, Wildered and dark, and gave me to possess. Peace, and this cot, and thee, heart-honour'd maid



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A MOTHER'S GRATITUDE—RUSILLA.

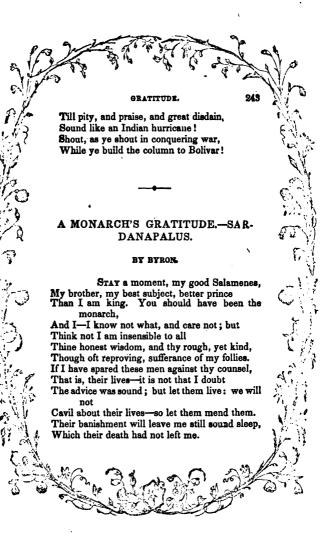
BY SOUTHEY.

Good Father, I have heard From my old faithful servant and true friend, Thou did'st reprove the inconsiderate tongue. I hat in the anguish of its spirit pour'd A curse upon my poor unhappy child. O, Father Maccabee, this is a hard world, And hasty in its judgments! Time has been, When not a tongue within the Pyrenees Dared whisper in dispraise of Roderick's name, Lest if the conscious air had caught the sound The vengeance of the honest multitude Should fall upon the traitorous head, or brand For life-long infamy the lying lips. Now if a voice be raised in his behalf. 'Tis noted for a wonder, and the man Who utters the strange speech shall be admired For such excess of Christian charity. Thy Christian charity hath not been lost;-Father, I feel its virtue :- it hath been Balm to my heart :--with words and grateful tears, All that is left me now for gratitude,-I thank thee, and beseech thee in thy prayers That thou wilt still remember Roderick's name

BUILD UP A COLUMN TO BOLIVAR !

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

BUILD up a column to Bolivar! Build it under a tropic star! Build it high as his mounting fame! Crown its head with his noble name! Let the letters tell. like a light afar. "This is the column of Bolivar!" Soldier in war, in peace a man, Did he not all that a hero can? Wasting his life for his country's care, Laying it down with a patriot prayer, Shedding his blood like the summer rain, Loving the land, though he loved in vain! Man is a creature, good or ill. Little or great, at his own strong will; And he grew good, and wise, and great, Albeit he fought with a tyrant fate, And shower'd his golden gifts on men, Who paid him in basest wrongs again! Raise the column to Bolivar! Firm in peace, and fierce in war! Shout forth his noble, noble name! Shout till his enemies die, in shame! Shout till Columbia's woods awaken Like seas by a mighty tempest shaken-



TO CHARLES LLOYD.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITER

BY CHARLES LAMB

ALONE, obscure, without a friend A cheerless, solitary thing, Why seeks my Lloyd the stranger out? What offering can the stranger bring. Of social scenes, home-bred delights, That him in ought compensate may For Storvey's pleasant winter nights, For loves and friendships far away? In brief oblivion to forego Friends, such as thine, so justly dear, And be awhile with me content To stay, a kindly loiterer, here. For this a gleam of random joy Hath flush'd my unaccustomed cheek; And with an o'ercharged, bursting heart, I feel the thanks I cannot speak. Oh! sweet are all the Muses' lavs. And sweet the charm of matin bird: 'Twas long since these estranged ears The sweeter voice of friend had heard. The voice hath spoke: the pleasant sounds In memory's ear in after time Shall live, to sometimes rouse a tear,

And sometimes prompt an honest rhyme.

For, when the transient charm is fled,
And when the little week is o'er,
To cheerless, friendless, solitude,
When I return as heretofore,
Long, long, within my aching heart
The grateful sense shall cherish'd be;
I'll think less meanly of myself,
That Lloyd will sometimes think on me.

CONRADE'S REFUSAL TO ASSASINATE SEYD.

BY BYRON.

GULNARE—Gulnare—I never felt till now
My abject fortune, wither'd fame so low:
Seyd is my enemy: hath swept my band
From earth with ruthless but with open hand,
And therefore came I, in my bark of war,
To smite the smiter with the scimitar;
Such is my weapon—not the secret knife;
Who spares a woman's seeks not slumber's life.
Thine saved I gladly, lady, not for this—
Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss.
Now fare thee well—more peace be with thy
breast!
Night wears apace—my last of earthly rest!

GULNARE AND CONRADE.

BY BYRON.

SHE gazed in wonder, "Can he calmly sleep, While other eyes his fall or ravage weep! And mine in restlessness are wandering here—What sudden spell hath made this man so dear! True—'tis to him my life, and more, I owe, And me and mine he spared from worse than woe? 'Tis late to think—but soft—his slumber breaks—How heavily he sighs!—he starts—awakes!"

He raised his head—and dazzled with the light, His eye seemed dubious if it saw aright; He moved his hand—the grating of his chain Too harshly told him that he lived again.
"What is that form? if not a shape of air, Methinks my jailor's face shows wondrous fair!"

"Pirate! thou know'st me not—but I am one, Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done; Look on ma—and remember her, thy hand Snatch'd from the flames, and thy more fearful band.

I come through darkness—and I scarce know why—

Yet not to hurt—I would not see thee die.
"Corsair! thy doom is named—but I have power
To soothe the Pacha in his weaker hour.

GRATITUDE

Thee I would spare—nay more—would save thee now,
But this—time—hope—nor even thy strength allow;
But all I can, I will: at least, delay
The sentence that remits thee scarce a day.
More now were ruin—even thyself were loath
The vain attempt should bring but doom on both."

I find a pious gratitude disperse
Within my soul; and every thought of him
Ingenders a warm sigh within me, which,
Like curls of holy incense, overtake
Each other in my bosom, and enlarge
With their embrace his sweet remembrance.
Shirley.

What can I pay thee for this noble usage, But grateful praise? so heav'n itself is paid! Rose,

When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart, And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise For benefits received: propitious heaven Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense And doubles all its blessings.

Lillo.

POETRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

AN OLD SERVANT'S GRATITUDE. BY SHAKSPEARE.

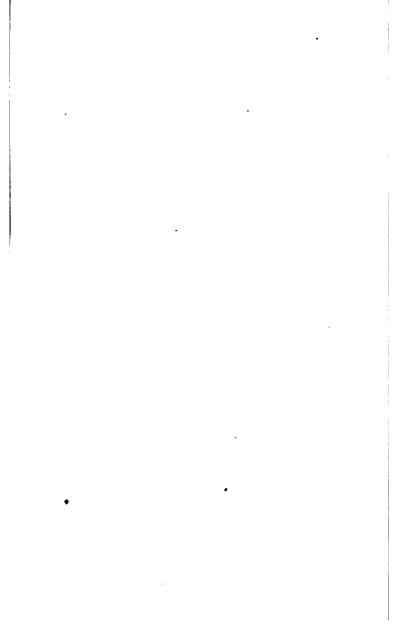
I HAVE five hundred crowns. The thrifty hire I saved under your father. Which I did store to be my foster-nurse. When service should in my old limbs lie lame. And unregarded age in corners thrown: Take that: and he that doth the ravens feed Yea, providently caters for the sparrow. Be comfort to my age! here is the gold: All this I give you: Let me be your servant: Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty: For in my youth I never did apply Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood; Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo The means of weakness and debility: Therefore my age is as a lusty winter. Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you; I'll do the service of a vounger man In all your business and necessities-Master, go on, and I will follow thee,

Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty,—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore, it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.



Fremer's a mered tie—the law of kings, The noble mind's distinguishing perfection, That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her, And imitates her actions where she is not: It must to be sported with.

Addison



Conour.

HONOUR ITS OWN REWARD.

BY HEBER.

Swell, swell the shrift trumpet, clear sounding

Our sabres flash splendour around. For freedom has summon'd her sons to the war. Nor Britain has shrunk from the sound.

Let plunder's vile thirst the invaders inflame. Let slaves for their wages be bold. Shall valour the harvest of avarice claim? Shall Britons be barter'd for gold?

No! free be our aid, independent our might, Proud honour our guerdon alone: Unhired be the hand that we raise in the fight, The sword that we brandish our own.

Still all that we love to our thoughts shall succeed, Their image each labour shall cheer, For them we will conquer-for them we will bleed, And our pay be a smile or a tear! (251)

And oh! if returning triumphant we move, Or sink on the land that we save, Oh! blest by his country, his kindred, his love, How vast the reward of the brave!

THE PRIDE OF HONOUR.

BY THOMSON.

Honour, my lord, is much too proud to catch At every tender twig of nice distinctions. These for th' unfeeling vulgar may do well: But those, whose souls are by the nicer rule Of virtuous delicacy nobly sway'd, Stand at another bar than that of laws.

Honour hurt is wont to rage
With pain no med'cine can assuage.
Quoth he, that honour's very squeamish
That takes a basting for a blemish;
For what's more honourable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of, by th' blow,
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather.

Butler.



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HONOUR UNAFFECTED BY SLANDER.

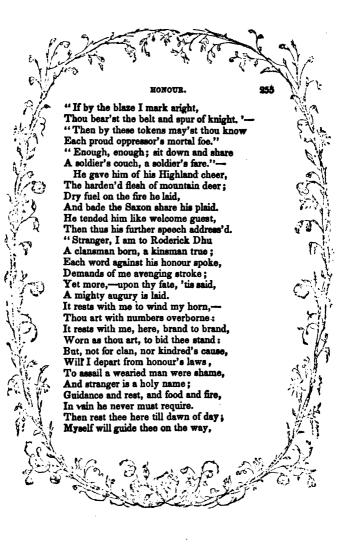
BY BYRON.

I PREFER My honour to a thousand lives, could such Be multiplied in mine, but would not have A single life of others lost for that Which nothing human can impugn—the sense Of virtue, looking not to what is called A good name for reward, but to itself To me the scorner's words were as the wind Unto the rock: but as there are-alas!-Spirits more sensitive, on which such things Light as the whirlwind on the waters, souls To whom dishonour's shadow is a substance More terrible than death, here and hereafter: Men whose vice is to start at vice's scoffing, And who, though proof against all blandishments Of pleasure, and all pangs of pain, are feeble When the proud name on which they pinnacled Their hopes is breathed on, jealous as the eagle Of her high aerie: let what we now Behold, and feel, and suffer, be a lesson To wretches how they tamper in their spleen With beings of a higher order.

HIGHLAND HONOUR.

BY SCOTT.

BESIDE its embers, red and clear, Bask'd, in his plaid, a mountaineer; And up he sprung with sword in hand.-"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"-"A stranger."-" What dost thou require ?" "Rest and a guide, and food and fire. My life's beset, my path is lost, The gale has chill'd my limbs with frost." "Art thou a friend to Roderick ?"--"No." "Thou darest not call thyself a foe ?"-"I dare! to him and all the band He brings to aid his murderous hand."-"Bold words!-but though the best of game The privilege of chace may claim, Though space and law the stag we lend. Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend, Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when, The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain ? Thus treacherous scouts, -yet sure they lie, Who say thou camest a secret spy !"--"They do, by Heaven!-Come, Roderick Dhu, And of his clan the boldest two, And let me but till morning rest, I write the falsehood on their crest.'

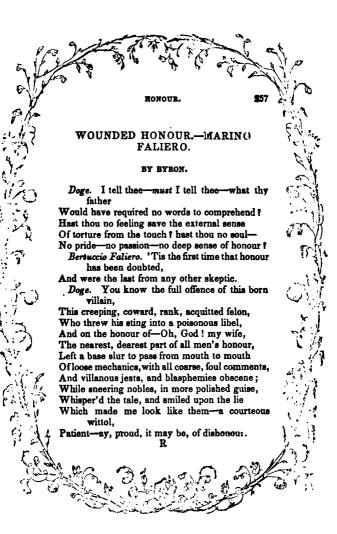


O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward. Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard, As far as Coilantogle's ford:
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."—
"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's crySings us the lake's wild lullaby."—
With that he shook the gather'd heart,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

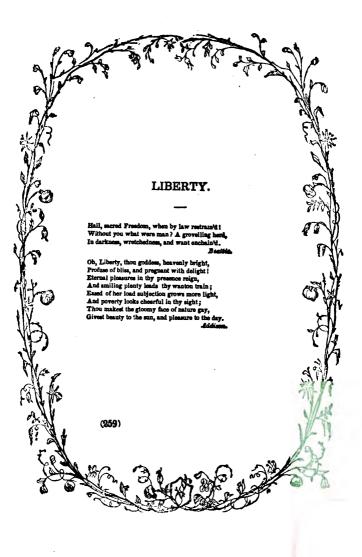
HONOUR COVETED.

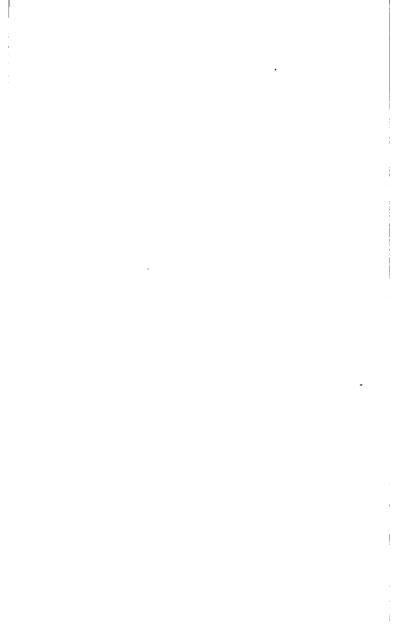
BY SHAKSPEARE.

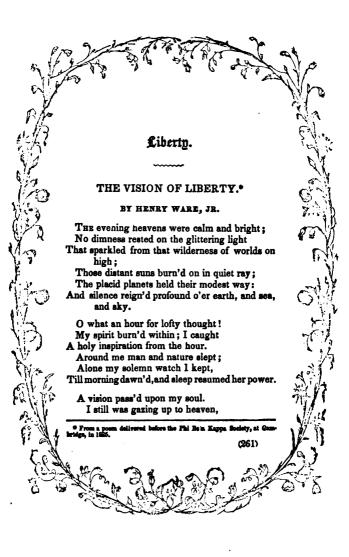
By Jove, I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

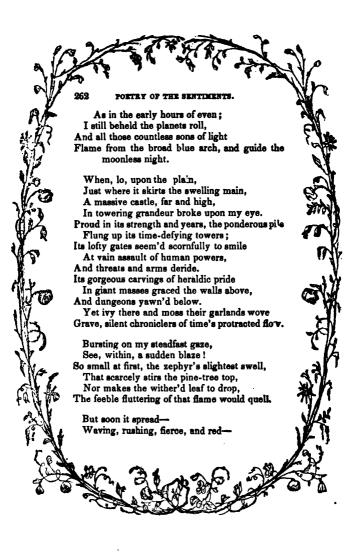


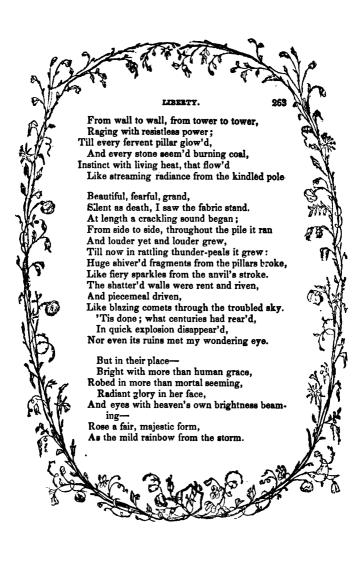












POSTRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

I mark'd her smile, I knew her eye;
And when, with gesture of command,
She waved aloft the cap-crown'd wand,
My slumbers fled mid shouts of "Liberty!"

Read ye the dream? and know ye not
How truly it unlock'd the world of fate!
Went not the flame from this illustrious spot,
And spreads it not, and burns in every state?
And when their old and cumbrous walls,
Fill'd with this spirit, glow intense,
Vainly they rear'd their impotent defence
The fabric falls!

That fervent energy must spread,
Till despotism's towers be overthrown;
And in their stead,
Liberty stands alone!

Hasten the day, just Heaven!
Accomplish thy design;
And let the blessings thou hast freely given,
Freely on all men shine;
Till equal rights be equally enjoy'd,
And human power for human good employ'd;
Till law, and not the sovereign, rule sustain,
And peace and virtue undisputed reign.



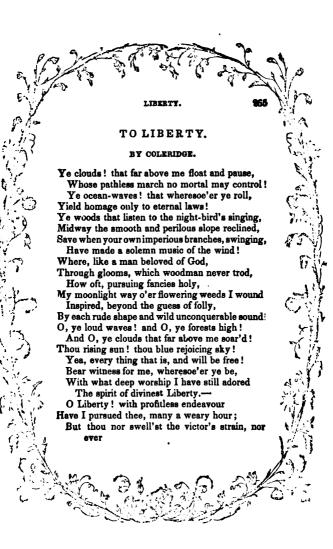


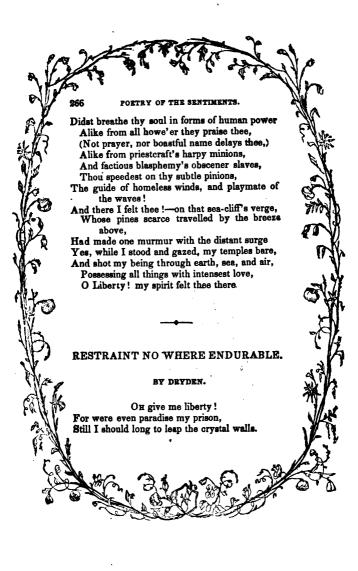
But who with Alval Contidence unsprid Can lift to Heavin an unpresumptuous eye. And smiling say—"My father made them all"

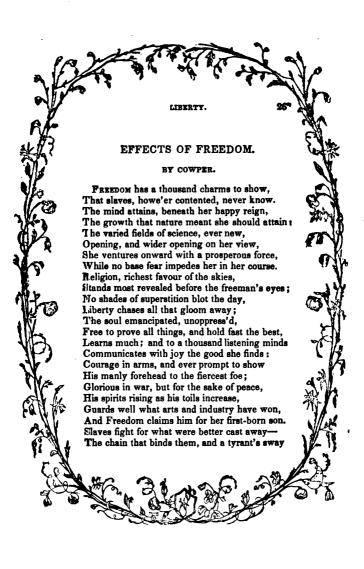
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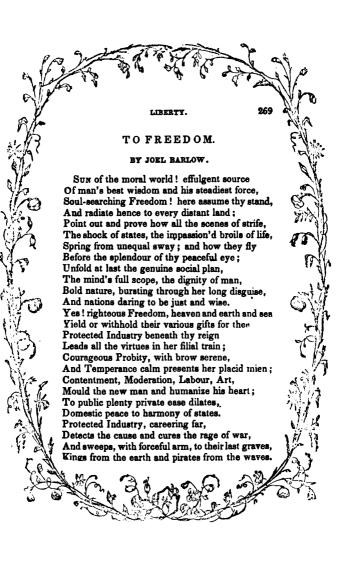


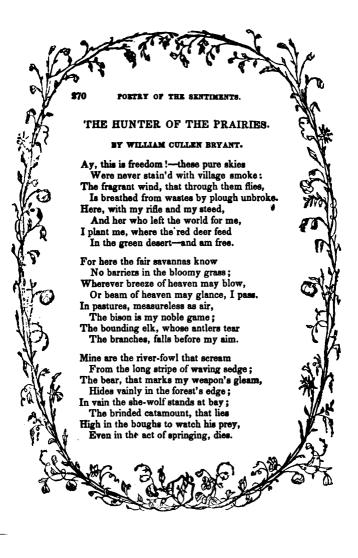


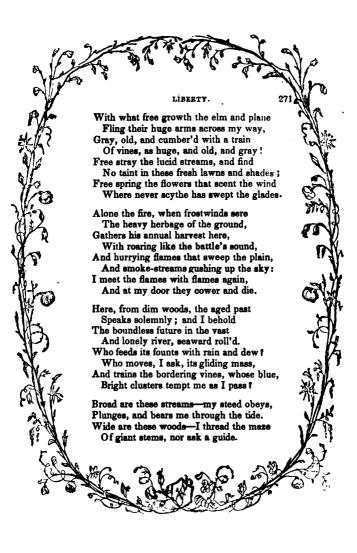
POETRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

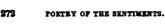
But they, that fight for freedom, undertake
The noblest cause mankind can have at stake:—
Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call
A blessing—freedom is the pledge of all.
O Liberty! the prisoner's pleasing dream,
The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme;
Genius is thine, and thou art Fancy's nurse;
Lost without thee the ennobling powers of verse;
Heroic song from thy free touch acquires
Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires:
Place me where Winter breathes his keenest air,
And I will sing, if Liberty be there;
And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,
In Afric's torrid zone, or India's fiercest heat.

Yet, freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying, Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind; Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying, The loudest still the tempest leaves behind; Thy tree hath lost its blossoms; and the rind, Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find Sown deep, even in the bosom of the north; So shall a bitter spring less bitter fruit bring forth.









I hunt, till day's last glimmer dies
O'er woody vale and grassy height;
And kind the voice, and glad the eyes
That welcome my return at night.

SONNET.

BY MRS. NORTON.

LIKE an enfranchised bird, that wildly springs. With a keen sparkle in his glancing eye, And a strong effort in his quivering wings, Up to the blue vault of the happy sky,-So my enamour'd heart, so long thine own, At length from Love's imprisonment set free. Goes forth into the open world alone. Glad and exulting in its liberty: But like that helpless bird (confined so long, His weary wings have lost all power to soar). Who soon forgets to trill his joyous song, And, feebly fluttering, sinks to earth once more,-So from its former bonds released in vain, My heart still feels the weight of that remember'd chain.

LIBERTY

273

THE PEASANT.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

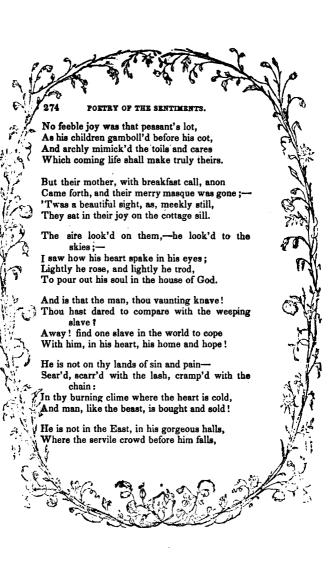
THE land for me! the land for me! Where every living soul is free! Where winter may come, where storms may rave But the tyrant dare not bring his slave.

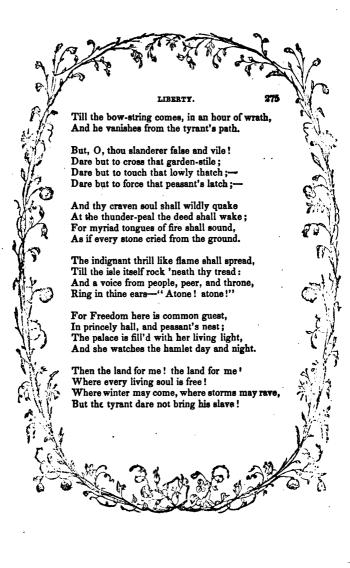
I should hate to dwell in a summer land Where flowers spring up on every hand; Where the breeze is glad, the heavens are fair, but the taint of blood is every where.

I saw a peasant sit at his door,
When his weekly toil in the fields was o'er;
He sat on the bench his grandsires made,
He sat in his father's walnut shade.

'Twas the golden hour of an April morn; Lightly the lark sprang from the corn; The blossoming trees shone purely white, Quiver'd the young leaves in the light.

The sabbath bells, with a holy glee, Were ringing o'er woodland, heath, and lea: 'Twas a season whose living influence ran Through air, through earth, and the heart of man.





LIBERTY.

BY GEORGE HILL.

THERE is a spirit working in the world,
Like to a silent subterranean fire;
Yet, ever and anon, some monarch hurl'd
Aghast and pale, attests its fearful ire.
The dungeon'd nations now once more respire
The keen and stirring air of Liberty.
The struggling giant wakes, and feels he's free.
By Delphi's fountain-cave, that ancient choir
Resume their song; the Greek astonish'd hears,
And the old altar of his worship rears.
Sound on, fair sisters! sound your boldest lyre,—
Peal your old harmonies as from the spheres.
Unto strange gods too long we've bent the knee,
The trembling mind, too long and patiently.

LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

BY MOORE.

From life without freedom, say, who would not fly? For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die? Hark!—hark! 'tis the trumpet! the call of the brave,

The death-song of tyrants, the dirge of the slave.

Our country lies bleeding—haste, haste to her aid; One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade. In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains—The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains. On, on to the combat! the heroes that bleed For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed. And oh, even if Freedom from this world be driven. Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven.

LIBERTY PREFERRED BEFORE PATRIOTISM.

BY COWPER.

THEE I account still happy, and the chief Among the nations, seeing thou art free; My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude, Replete with vapours, and disposes much All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine: Thy unadulterate manners are less soft And plausible than social life requires, And thou hast need of discipline and art, To give thee what politer France receives From nature's bounty—that humane address And sweetness, without which no pleasure is In converse, either starved by cold reserve, Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl

POETRY OF THE SENTIMENTS.

Yet being free, I love thee: for the sake Of that one feature, can be well content, Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art. To seek no sublunary rest beside. But, once enslaved, farewell! I could endure Chains no where patiently; and chains at home, Where I am free by birthright, not at all. Then what were left of roughness in the grain Of British natures, wanting its excuse That it belongs to freemen, would disgust I should then with doubled pain And shock me. Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime; And, if I must bewail the blessing lost, For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled. I would at least bewail it under skies Milder, among a people less austere: In scenes, which, having never known me free. Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.

THE FREE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The wild streams leap with headlong sweep In their curbless course o'er the mountain steep; All fresh and strong they foam along, Waking the rocks with their cataract song, My eye bears a glance like the beam on a lance,



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HIGHLAND LIBERTY DEFENDED

BY SCOTT.

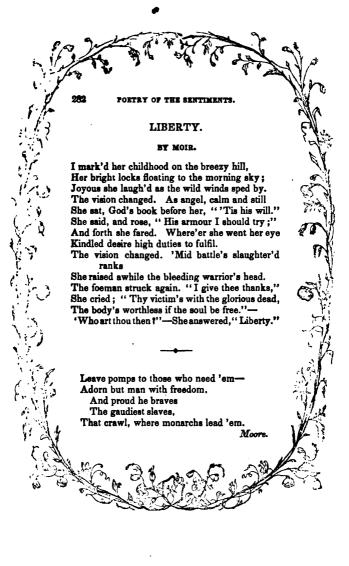
SAXON, from yonder mountain high, I mark'd thee send delighted eye, Far to the south and east, where lav. Extended in succession gay. Deep waving fields and pastures green. With gentle slopes and groves between :-These fertile plains, that soften'd vale, Were once the birthright of the Gael; The stranger came with iron hand, And from our fathers reft the land. Where dwell we now! See, rudely swell Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell. Ask we the savage hill we tread. For fatten'd steer or household bread: Ask we for flocks these shingles dry, And well the mountain might reply,-"To you, as to your sires of yore, Belong the target and claymore! I give you shelter in my breast, Your own good blades must win the rest. Pent in this fortress of the North. Think'st thou we will not sally forth. To spoil the spoiler as we may, And from the robber rend the prev! Ay, by my soul! while on yon plain

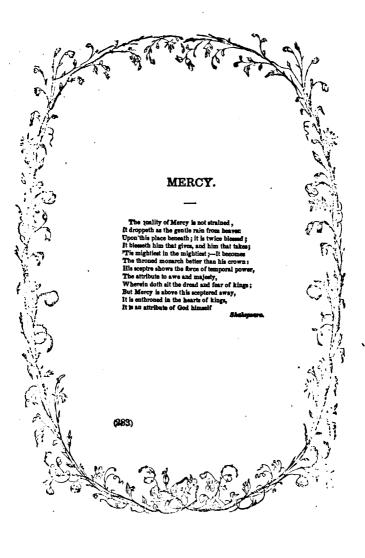
The Saxon rears one shock of grain; While, of ten thousand herds, there strays But one along you river's maze,-The Gael, of plain and river heir, Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.

'Tis vain-my tongue cannot impart My almost drunkenness of heart, When first this liberated eye Survey'd earth, ocean, sun and sky, As if my spirit pierced them through, And all their inmost wonders knew! One word alone can point to thee That more than feeling-I was free! E'en for thy presence ceased to pine: The world-nay-heaven itself was mine! Byron.

There is a world where souls are free, Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss: If death that world's bright opening be, O who would live a slave in this!

Moore.





• • . . • •



ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

BY COLLINS.

O Thou! who sittest a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
tentlest of sky-born forms, and best adored:
Who oft, with songs, divine to hear,
Wean'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
and hidest in wreaths of flowers his bloodless
sword!

Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By god-like chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him, the youth who sinks to ground:
See, Mercy, see! with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's Genius stands,
And decks thy altar still though pierced with many
a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom e'en our joys provoke, The fiend of Nature, join'd his yoke,

(285)

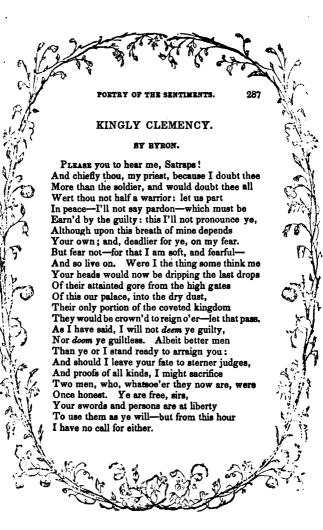
86 POETRY OF THE SENT

And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey:
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away
I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds.
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O maid! for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our
monarch's throne.

HENRY VI. ON HIS LENITY.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

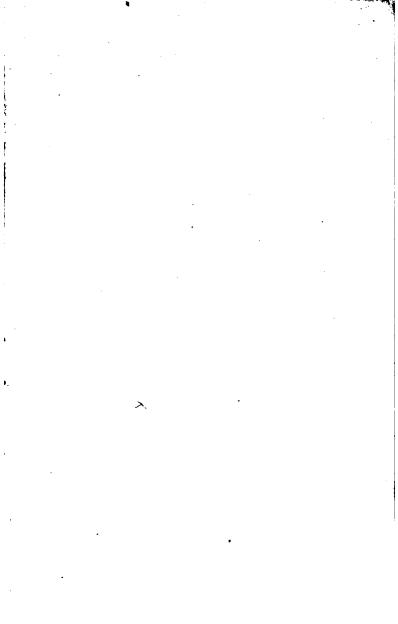
My meed hath got me fame,
I have not stopp'd my ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears:
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subaidies,
Nor forward to revenge, 'though they much erred.

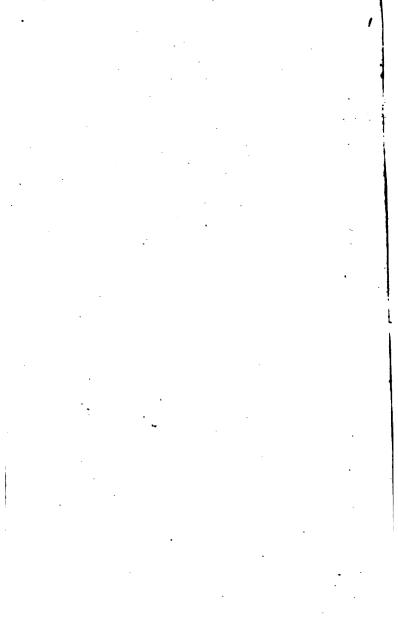


TITUS' ADDRESS TO THE JEWS.

BY MILMAN.

MEN of Jerusalem! whose hardy zeal And valiant patience in a cause less desperate Might force the foe to reverence and admire: To you thus speaks again the Queen of Earth. All-conqu'ring Rome! whose kingdom is where'er The sunshine beams on living men; beneath The shadow of whose throne the world reposes. And glories in being subjected to her. Even as 'tis subject to the immortal gods-To you, whose mad and mutinous revolt Hath harrow'd all your rich and pleasant land With fiery rapine; sunk your lofty cities To desolate heaps of monumental ashes; Yet with that patience, which becomes the mighty, The endurance of the lion, that disdains The foe whose conquest brings no glory with it. Rome doth command you to lay down your arms. And bow the high front of your proud rebellion, Even to the common level of obedience That holds the rest of human kind. So doing. Ye cancel all the dark and guilty past: Silent Oblivion waits to wipe away The record of your madness and your crimes; And in the stead of bloody Vengeance, claiming Her penal due of torture, chains and death, Comes reconciling Mercy.





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